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Can Stassen Stop the Arms Race?

MR. HAROLD STASSEN is known as a professional optimist. But the hopeful rumours of a partial agreement in the London talks on disarmament do not spring merely from Mr. Stassen's personal hope that this time something will be accomplished. The new American plan, now being discussed with the other western delegates and due to be presented formally to Mr. Zorin, is a calculated bid to offer the Russians something that they can sign. For Mr. Zorin has made it quite clear that, on this occasion, his delegation does not want to return home empty handed—and the American proposals are designed to take advantage of that mood.

This is something gained. But it would be wrong to build much on the hope that a limited agreement, such as now seems at least possible, will halt the arms race. While any agreement between the powers is better than the dreary round of fruitless conferences, and while anyone in his senses would welcome a first instalment of international inspection, the kind of thing that Mr. Stassen seems to have in mind will not in itself lead to a more far-reaching settlement. It must not be allowed to distract attention from the political problems that have to be faced before genuine progress can be made towards control of nuclear weapons and missiles.

Consider the wider context. The Russians seem genuinely anxious about the dangers of nuclear war—and the announcement that this week the U.S. will launch "Atlas," its first inter-continental missile, will not diminish their anxiety. The West, on the other hand, wishes to reduce the weight of the Soviet armies, and it therefore puts conventional disarmament and the withdrawal of Soviet power from central Europe before any agreement about nuclear weapons. All through the disarmament talks there has been this balancing of dissimilar kinds of military power. That is why it has never been possible to regard disarmament as a technical matter of limiting numbers, or types of arms, or stockpiles or nuclear tests: the sum of strength on each side has different components, and among them are the political as well as the military dispositions of the great powers.

Of these political elements, the situation in Germany is the most important. And the communique issued after the Eisenhower-Adenauer talks reveals the very limited nature of the new Stassen offer. The President has assured Dr. Adenauer that any "comprehensive" agreement about disarmament must be preceded by a German settlement. Once again the circle is completed. The West will not make any substantial concession while Germany is divided: the Russians will not consider a German settlement until they have a firm understanding that a united Germany will not become part of the Nato complex, armed with nuclear weapons.

It seems to be the western intention, if Mr. Stassen's proposals are successful, to move on to a new foreign ministers' conference about European security, and to postpone any further disarmament discussions until that has been held. But is there any reason to believe that acceptance of Mr. Stassen's plan, or anything like it, will make it easier to reach agreement about German unity? There seems to be no better cause for the Russians to accept Dr. Adenauer's terms for reunification than there was a year or two years ago. Their stake, in discussions about Germany, is not merely the Grotewohl regime but all eastern Europe.

Because the stake is so high, it is foolish for the West to stand so rigidly on the Adenauer line. So much may be gained by German unity—and it is for this reason that the German Socialists are willing to accept the idea of a neutralised Germany within the framework of a European security pact—that the loss of the Federal Republic from Nato is a small price to pay for it. This is, in fact, the only way to break this deadlock—to create, stage by stage, an "area of disengagement" in central Europe which would permit real progress to be made towards effective disarmament. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Ollenhauer have both understood this point; and on this they should part company with the western approach to disarmament. There is no means of stopping the arms race that does not begin where the last one ended—in Germany.

Comments on the Week's News

Trouble in Taipeh

The outbreak of rioting against the Americans in Formosa has completely upset the precarious balance of the Chiang regime. It has antagonised American opinion: even some of Chiang's warmest supporters are asking, after such a display of ingratitude, whether U.S. economic aid and military protection is worth while. It has caused trouble between Chiang and the U.S. administration. It has raised hopes in Peking that "internal forces" may help overthrow Chiang, or drive out the American "colonisers," or in some other way help bring about the reunion of Formosa with the mainland. And, of course, it is terribly bad propaganda for the American cause throughout Asia—especially since the question of the "extra-territorial" rights of Americans has been the cause of trouble in Korea and Japan. The details of the jurisdiction agreements about offences by U.S. servicemen is not important: on paper, they are reasonable. But both genuine and imaginary grounds for anti-Americanism accumulate until they lead to an explosion. In the case of Formosa, the situation is complex. The Formosans themselves dislike the Chiang regime, have little use for the Americans and do not want to be united with Communist China. The Chinese population, and the emigré soldiers, support Chiang, but are anti-American and feel the pull of the mainland. The Communist underground may be blamed for starting or working up this riot. But this is much less relevant than the fact that all the tensions built up by the peculiar circumstances of Formosa found release in anti-Americanism. No one can now pretend that the alliance between the U.S. and Formosa is anything but a marriage of mutual anti-Communist convenience.

Summer Manoeuvres

President Coty's postponement of his American visit shows that he does not expect a quick solution to the government crisis. M. Pleven has already discovered, in his exploratory talks, that a compromise between the different parliamentary groups will be difficult to achieve. There are 590 deputies in the Assembly—the Algerian seats are vacant—and of these 150 are Communist and 40 Poujadist, who vote against any government on principle. A stable majority can be formed only from the remaining 300: anything else will have to be a minority government like that of M. Mollet, counting on a shifting pattern of abstentions and support. A majority would have to include the Socialists, the Radicals, the M.R.P. and the "moderates." This is what M. Pleven had in mind: M. Mollet would remain Prime Minister, the "moderate" M. Pinay would become Foreign Secretary, M. Pfimlin of the M.R.P. would take over financial matters, and the Radical M. Bourgès Maunoury would remain Minister of National Defence. The trouble with this proposition is that the Socialists do not wish to share power with the "moderates," not least because their financial and economic policy is quite different. This coming week-end the national committee of the Socialists will meet at Biarritz, and the M.R.P. will be holding its party congress. After these two meetings it will be possible to estimate to what extent these two parties are willing to compromise with the Conservatives and Radicals. But such a compromise could only be on the basis of "immobilisme," and on the condition that the new government did nothing of any substance about Algeria or about economic policy. The most that could be said for this is that it would be a return to the "Laniel system" which preceded the disaster in Indo-China.

Draconian Finance in India

The first of India's five-year plans was economically a huge success. Industrial production increased by half; agricultural production by a sixth. For the first time in this century the income per head of India increased. But, all the same, unemployment increased. There seemed no hope of early industrial independence; and there was the challenge of a far faster Chinese expansion. Mr. Nehru did two things. He pledged Congress to introduce a "Socialistic pattern" of life for India. And he accepted a huge expansion of the development programme proposed by Professor Mahalanobis and opposed by the more cautious Indian civil service. A calculated risk was taken with inflation in the knowledge that otherwise India faced the certainty of a political failure. Unfortunately insufficient precautions were taken to prevent a nervous increase in imports by merchants fearful of future restrictions. They rose from 5.7 billion rupees in 1954 to over 8 billion a year. The balance of trade worsened: a huge loss of reserves and an increase in government borrowing shows the extent of the strain. This month, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari has introduced a draconian reform, not merely heavily increasing the burden of direct taxes on unearned income and large-scale consumption, but also the burden on the poorer classes. It is by no means certain that these measures or the increase in bank-rate will stop the drain in the reserves and enable the government to carry out the new Plan. The Indian government may well be faced in the near future with the unpalatable decision of cutting the development programme unless more foreign help can be secured. Yet the programme (burdensome as it is) is just sufficient to enable Nehru to hold his own politically in India and in Asia. This crisis gives Britain an opportunity to take a courageous initiative in increasing its help to India.

New Dangers in Kenya

Every action of the Kenya white settlers over the past 30 years has been calculated to drive the Africans into a mood of black nationalism. Now the settlers are throwing up their hands in horror when the newly elected African leaders express this mood in plain terms. The Kenya government has shown a characteristic reaction by immediately instituting new and burdensome controls on African meetings. Every lesson of colonial history shows that such an attitude inflames rather than douses colonial nationalism. The three most prominent African leaders at the moment, C. Argwings-Kodhek, Tom Mboya and Oginga Odinga, are admittedly playing a dangerous game. According to reports, they seem to be competing with each other in the terminology of black chauvinism, each apparently seeking to establish himself as the principal African leader by appealing to mob racialism. This is a terribly dangerous policy, both to themselves and for the future of Africans in Kenya; yet it is exactly what has been foretold on every occasion when the whites have refused to introduce a common electoral roll. This preservation of racial politics inevitably leads to both white and black extremism and to exactly those demands for increased racial representation which the Africans are now making. Unless the form of multi-racialism which is interpreted as a "separate stream" policy is soon abandoned it will lead to another tragic racial conflict.

Uneasy Unions

The big strike in engineering and shipbuilding has created an uneasy feeling in the trade union movement. The decision of the engineers to accept the "strings" with the offer of 11 shillings is far from popular; it is being attacked both by the rank and file and by some union leaders. Mr. Hill's boilermakers, for instance, are determined to have nothing of the sort in the shipbuilding industry, and their annual conference has specifically empowered Mr. Ted Hill to put in a new claim this year if he believes this to be necessary. Mr. Cousins, too, has been grumbling against the restrictions that conditional settlements placed on free negotiation. There is clearly some fear in the trade union movement lest the settlement proposed by the court of inquiry into the engineering and shipbuilding disputes should become a precedent for fixing wages by means outside the normal bargaining procedure—and that sentiment will have been strengthened by the claim by Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the Transport Commission, that direct industrial negotiation is preferable to "any outside commission, court of inquiry or arbitration." The railwaymen, of course, are anxious to see stronger "industrial" unions—as their secretary, Mr. Campbell, urged last week-end—and they believe that a streamlining of union structure would make wage negotiation easier and more coherent. It is doubtful whether much will come of such ideas beyond some further amalgamations—and even this seems a distant prospect for the three railway unions. Certainly, the big unions are not going to give any more support than in previous years to the demand by Mr. Bryn Roberts, of the Public Employees, for industrial unionism, a national wages board and a T.U.C. General Council reformed into a union "general staff." Indeed, recent events seemed to have created new inter-union tensions and jealousies.

The Mental Health Report

The three years that the Royal Commission on the law relating to mental illness and mental deficiency devoted to the study of its subject have been well spent. Its report, published last Wednesday, is an enlightened document, and incidentally includes the first comprehensive review of our mental health services as they have developed within the National Health Service. The Commission's recommendations, if less than revolutionary, are in the main sensible and progressive. They reflect the advances made in recent years in psychiatric thought and practice. The aim has been to narrow and, where possible, to eliminate the differences of approach towards mental and physical illness. Revision of the law will do much to hasten the already noticeable shift of public opinion in this direction. The element of compulsion is to remain, modified by new procedures and stronger safeguards against wrongful detention. The protection of the magistrate's fiat is rejected as illusory, and the onus of certification (or its equivalent under a new name)

is placed squarely upon the doctors. The responsibility of the medical superintendent would seem to be as great as ever. There is to be a welcome streamlining of legal procedures to cover the mentally ill, the mental defectives—rather clumsily renamed "patients of severely sub-normal personality"—and psychopaths. The proposed recognition in law of the latter category is likely to give rise to some controversy, especially as the report shirks any definition of a psychopath. A lack of statutory guidance here might well lead to undesirable variations in practice. The provision of voluntary admission for defectives, and of community care facilities by local authorities as a duty, are welcome proposals. To enact these recommendations will involve the scrapping of almost all the existing legislation. The complexity of the task must not serve as the excuse for further delay. Reform is long overdue.

Changes at the Wells

The announcement last Monday that, for reasons of economy, no more new productions can be undertaken at Sadler's Wells for a year is a sad reminder of the uphill struggle which the arts have to make ends meet in Britain. There is no lack of public support for Sadler's Wells: it is simply that the costs of mounting opera and ballet in a manner worthy of a national theatre are very high, and income, even with an Arts Council grant, is not adequate to cover them. That Sadler's Wells should be allowed to wither away is unthinkable; and if the magnificent work of this theatre were in real danger of being brought to an end, public opinion would force even a government which prefers commercial TV to the Third Programme to increase the resources available for the Arts Council's grant. But before the case for this can be proved, it must be established beyond doubt that the greatest economy compatible with serving the public need and maintaining artistic standards is already being exercised. The second part of this week's announcement hints that there may still be room for economies and suggests a method by which they may be achieved. The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, hitherto administered separately from the Royal Ballet (though under the same artistic direction) is now to pass to the administrative responsibility of Covent Garden. In other words, we are to have, in effect, a national ballet, comprising the Royal Ballet, the Theatre Ballet and the Ballet School, under a single artistic and administrative direction. This arrangement, which facilitates full co-ordination and interchange of both artists and equipment, is clearly more economical than the dual administration, which arose only from the fortuitous existence of the two theatre buildings. Why should not the same plan now be applied to the two opera companies? A national ballet and a national opera, each under its own unified direction (though governed at the top by a single trust), with a choice of two theatres of differing size and characteristics, would surely be desirable both administratively and artistically.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

The Labour Business

In his time of troubles Dave Beck, president of the Teamsters' Union, is singularly without friends. A bank president who leads a secret life on embezzled funds may prove an attractive rogue, but a labour leader who doubles as a rich and devious businessman is likely to be lacking in appeal. One offers the respectable a bit of vicarious knavery, while the other only appears as an unscrupulous pursuer of respectability.

It is this aspect of the current hullabaloo over the Beck affair that gives it so strong a flavour of irony. Labour has proved vulnerable to a Senate Committee's charges of gross corruption, not where it behaved most like labour but where it had come to confuse itself with big business. A man zealously devoted to social status and a sound return on investments, Beck was the friend of bankers, an Eisenhower supporter, head of the University of Washington's board of regents, and even president of the local Elks. He dealt, on the side, in real estate, insurance, auto financing, beer distribution, and politics, and he characteristically referred to his primary occupation as the "labour business."

Beck's labour business was a two-way operation. As chief of the country's largest union, he pressed into its jurisdiction everyone his tough lieutenants could persuade or coerce, from truck drivers to dairy workers to grocery clerks; secured their allegiance by a combination of strong-arm methods and fat wage contracts; and ran them from above through a directory of hard-bitten regional vice-presidents.

On the business side, Beck made shrewd deals with pliable employers, using the power of the union to extract highly profitable favours. Union funds not only assured him the abundant life—a $50,000 salary, world travel, and a free mansion complete with swimming pool and movie auditorium—but made him a financial figure in the community, free to invest Teamster money to personal advantage. Having favoured Seattle banks with $8,000,000 of union deposits, he once suggested pointedly, "Let Seattle businessmen think of that." They did, and Seattle newspapers, moreover, prudently and regularly killed unkind references to him.

At the moment Beck's prospects are exceedingly dim. Aside from his excoriation before the Senate Committee, where he declined to answer some 200 questions on the ground of self-incrimination, the combined A.F.L.-C.I.O. has unanimously found him guilty of "gross misuse of union funds" and expelled him from membership on its executive council. His own union seethes with rebellion, he is under federal indictment for evading the income tax, and in the State of Washington a special grand jury is considering charges of conspiracy.

Whether Beck goes down or manages to weather the storm, distress signals are out for all the labour movement. The leadership has acted swiftly and drastically, especially in view of the A.F. of L.'s long tradition of decentralisation. Beyond ousting Beck from the hierarchy, the council has suspended the racketeer-ridden Laundry Workers' and put two other unions on probation. Last year, before the Beck affair had blown up, organised labour urged federal legislation to open the books of union-management welfare funds to full and free inspection, but the bill died when employer groups and insurance companies reacted with something less than enthusiasm.

Some such measure is now all but certain, but in the atmosphere generated by the Teamster revelations, anti-union forces see the opportunity not merely to clean up the unions but to emasculate them. The avowed goal of legislators like Senator Goldwater of Arizona is a national ban on the union shop as the source of original sin. Such a ban, which is already in force in 18 states, is solemnly known here as a "right-to-work law." It is ardently promoted by the National Association of Manufacturers, which never before—and in no other circumstances even now—considered employment among the rights of man to be guaranteed by his government. While election pressures will probably not allow the present Congress to indulge social conscience to this degree, the prospect of some restraints on labour plus public revulsion against racketeering may well take the steam out of the unions' next big drive to organise the unorganised.

ROBERT BENDINER

Rome

Evviva la Delinquenza

Bruce Renton writes: Italy's world of corruption seems to have received an official blessing at Venice. On the eve of the verdict of the Montesi trial the Public Prosecutor pronounced a *requisitoria* (i.e. the closing act of accusal) which turned out to be an almost incredible defence of Montagna, of Polito (the ex-police chief) and of Piccioni (former Foreign Minister's son) that the trial had yet seen. With a startling *volte-face*, the Public Prosecutor suddenly turned his cannons on those who had accused Montagna and his world. There was not a single word in the *requisitoria* which could displease Montagna. Instead, his ex-mistress, Annamaria Caglio, was accused of being a prostitute, a liar . . . and was even reprimanded for having betrayed him. The Public Prosecutor, Palminteri, moreover, appeared to have invented a new system of logic to prove the falsehoods of those who had spoken against the pious Marquis of San Bartolomeo (who will presumably now regain his title). "I will prove to you that Annamaria Caglio has lied," said the Prosecutor. Caglio had said that Piccioni and Montagna had gone together to see the police-chief, Pavone, in Rome, on April 29, because journalists were talking about Piccioni in connection with the deceased Wilma Montesi. She could not say that they had been to see Pavone on April 26, 27 or 28 because Pavone was at Milan; nor could she say April 30, because Piccioni had been at Rimini that day. Caglio had therefore, in her cunning, chosen April 29. What further proof does one need of her falseness?

Thus ends one of the most grotesque trials in European history. An entire corrupt society sat in the seats of the accused. From the depths of murky prisons, handcuffed like medieval felons, the hysterical petty criminals were dragged forth to vituperate vainly against the big shots, the *pezzi grossi*. Their mental and physical condition only served to emphasise the "respectability" of the accused. After the Public Prosecutor's *requisitoria*, Montagna, like a bravaccio in modern dress plucked straight out of Manzoni's *Betrothed*, regained his bluster and began to threaten those who had accused him. Of a left-wing journalist, Felice Chilanti, who in *Paese-Sera* had illuminated those dark corners of the Montesi affair which the police appeared not to have investigated fully, Montagna said he "would suffocate him with libel suits, and send him to prison if it was the last thing he did." That is the last word in the Montesi case: it reminds one of an electoral slogan in Montagna's birthplace, Sicily: *Evviva la Delinquenza.*

Peking

Blossoming Flowers

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: Mao Tse-tung's criticisms of "bureaucracy" and "doctrinairism" have started a flood of comment and controversy in the Chinese press. Once again Mao Tse-tung has shown himself the most original Communist theoretician since Lenin; his object is always to apply Marxism to Chinese conditions. "Let all flowers blossom and all schools of thought contend" was the first instalment of his "rethinking." His second talk on the contradictions within the ranks of the Chinese people started a "rectification" campaign.

The *Peking Jen Min Jih Pao* (April 13) explained how, after 1949, the contradictions between "opposing classes" which characterise capitalist society had given way to contradictions of a different kind; "between productivity and production relationship, between the superstructure and its economic foundations," between the economic and political system, between advanced elements and backward elements and between the masses of the people and their leaders—this last contradiction being attributed mainly to the "bureaucratic methods of leaders. There are even instances of the use of crude methods to suppress the views and demands of masses."

In reviewing the work of the Chinese Communist Party (*Peking Jen Min Jih Pao*, March 5), Lu Ting-yi pointed out that, of the present party members (they have increased from 800,000 to 12,000,000 in 15 years) more than 60 per cent. joined after the revolution emerged victorious, and many of these have not been ideologically transformed by the rectification campaign of 1942. "Many of them still preserve the undesirable ideologies of the old society and have not given up the stand of the petty-bourgeois to make way for the stand of the proletariat." The older members are needed to train them, but, wrote the *Jen Min Jih Pao* (May 2), "there are bureaucratic, sectarian and subjective trends inside the party . . . a growing interest in personal honour, status and various kinds of privileges."

In the February 18 issue of *Hsueh Hsi* (Study) Tao Mao urged the teaching of the negative as well as the positive side of Marxist-Leninism. Teachers had avoided any discussion of Idealism, of metaphysics. In lecturing on the history of the CPSU they would not mention the names of Trotsky and Bukharin; in dealing with the history of the Chinese party they would not speak of the error of "leftist opportunism." This meant that the students were not given the chance to think independently and to use their brains to make analysis and comparisons. "They are required only to commit to memory certain phrases of Marxist-Leninist theories."

Peng Chen, first secretary of the Peking Communist Party, campaigning for Mao Tse-tung's new line, said that what is healthy and what is noxious, "what is truth and what is error can be established only as the flowers blossom and the different schools of thought contend." But "not enough flowers had blossomed and the diverse schools of thought had not contended enough." During the current year party and government organs in all parts of the country will discuss Mao's thesis. Directives issued by the Central Committee on April 27, say that "leading organs and cadres at all levels should review how contradictions within the ranks of the people are being dealt with."

Leading Chinese philosophers had a three-day conference in Peking recently to discuss the application of the new directive. The classification of ancient philosophers by labelling them as materialist or idealist, and hence good or bad, was criticised as biased and crude, and dogmatism was blamed for the present shortcomings in the teaching of philosophy. Professors of economics also considered the new directive. Welcoming the classes in Keynesism at Peking University as widening the scope of economic studies, Professor Yen Jen-keng said they could learn much from "bourgeois economic thinking and methods of research."

Westminster

For Whom the Bells Toll

We are into the annual season of unfruitfulness; the season of pots and pans, of "interminable, idiotic discussions," as Dame Irene Ward called it; the season of light hydrocarbon oils, of one and threepenny cinema seats and of all-night sittings. For hours on end, a hardworking, well-organised Labour team carries on the debate, often repeating almost verbatim the arguments used by the Conservatives when they were in opposition; and their opponents, the Chancellor, the Financial Secretary and the Economic Secretary, with their attendant parliamentary private secretaries, sit wearily on the government benches rejecting these arguments by repeating, almost verbatim, the speeches made by Labour ministers when Labour was in power. Meanwhile the rest of us drift in and out of the Chamber, trying to sense whether a division is near or whether Mr. Leslie Hale is about to oblige with a comic turn or how late the sitting is likely to be. Soon the yellow blinds which keep out the sun's glare are no longer needed, twilight slips into evening and evening into night. Members have finished their correspondence, the group meetings are over, the committees have risen. The bars are full; the Chamber is empty; but the debate continues.

By 11 o'clock members have begun to come back to the Chamber and are standing at *the* bar, watching the clock as it ticks towards last-train time, buttonholing a whip to see what the prospects are, trying to decide whether to pair and get a good night's sleep or to stay and bump up their division records. And now the time for decision has gone—with the last train—and there

"Not Guilty!"

is nothing for it but uneasy sleep, in an armchair if you can get one, stretched out on the floor if you can't; a sleep shattered at intervals by the persistent alarm bells which announce a division. Through the lobbies we trudge, red-eyed and increasingly stubbly chinned, casting votes which will make no difference to anyone, on subjects we know nothing about; trudging through the lobbies until dawn light filters through the windows and even Sir Frank Soskice begins to look unkempt. Then at last it is all over. It is all a ludicrous waste of time. Yet, after an all-nighter, I find that my non-parliamentary friends look at me with some respect.

These simple tests! Years ago, *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* used to publish the numbers of questions asked by each member and the number of columns of *Hansard* occupied by his speeches in the past session. I studied these lists as though they were batting averages and judged the merit of an M.P. by them. I used to assume that Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy, champion questioner of the House of Commons, must be a really tremendous person. I learned later that he paid an agency to dig up questions for him, whether he was interested in the answers or not, that he became such a bore and crowded out so many genuine questions of other members that the House had to adopt a rationing system. I used to think that another member, whose columns in *Hansard* regularly topped *Dod's* list, must be a prince among M.P.s. It was only later that I found he was known as the housemaid because he always emptied the chamber and that, in the end, even his local paper refused to print his interminable speeches. In the House, one of the tests of a good M.P. is that his colleagues should say to him, not "Why do you speak so often?," but "Why do you speak so seldom?" Outside, however, they measure by verbiage.

The simple-minded even judge an M.P. by his division record. In 1950, because of redistribution, two sitting Labour M.P.s found themselves on the short list for a new seat. One was a government whip who, except for a short period of illness, had not missed a single official division, though he had taken time off from free votes on private members time. His division record was 87 per cent., the second highest in the House. The other M.P. had a division record of 33 per cent. At the selection conference, the second M.P. carefully kept off figures but said that he attended the House as regularly as he could. But the first M.P. proudly quoted his own record—and lost the selection. "A 13 per cent absentee!" cried the selection conference. "Why, they kick up a fuss in the mines if it's 4 per cent!"

An organisation called the League for Good Government has announced this week that it will publish the division records of all M.P.s at the next election. If it were really concerned with good government, the League would see that M.P.s ought to travel abroad, ought on occasions to be absent from the House, even apart from recesses, to find out what is going on in their own country. But so long as it and others continue to apply these meaningless tests, the House of Commons will continue at this time of year to pass meaningless hours of the night piling up meaningless votes after meaningless speeches, merely to impress those who know no better.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Spies in College

LORD CHORLEY'S allegations that the security service is seeking to enlist secret agents inside the universities cannot be lightly brushed aside—so long as they are based on facts. First then let us examine the facts that are established. After careful investigation we are satisfied that:

(a) A case has recently occurred in which a university teacher was invited to collaborate secretly with the military security authorities in reporting on the interests and activities of his students.

(b) The proposal was made in such a way as to justify the inference that such collaboration would, on occasion, include reporting on professional colleagues.

(c) The security officer who made the approach in this case (of whose identity we are aware) alleged that his organisation had assistance from members of the teaching staff at every university in Britain, with one exception. However that may be, there is independent evidence that the case which has just come to Lord Chorley's notice is not unique.

These are the facts known to us which sustain Lord Chorley's allegations. What answers are offered to them? Very broadly, two. One comes from the government speaking through the Ministry of Supply. A letter from the Ministry outlining government policy to the Association of University Teachers was summarised as follows in the *Manchester Guardian* of May 27:

> . . . it was quite incorrect to assume that some suspicion attached to the reliability of persons who were the subjects of inquiries. Those inquiries were made in all cases where the person was a candidate for a post giving access to exceptionally secret information. Only a comparatively small proportion of those employed on defence work and other secret and confidential matters were engaged in work of such secrecy that special inquiries were necessary. It was because there was so much recruitment from the universities that so many inquiries were made in that direction. The object of the precautions was to prevent information vital to the security of the country from getting into the hands of unreliable persons because of Communist or Fascist sympathies or associations, or serious defects of character which might make them susceptible to pressure.
>
> It would be quite wrong to suppose that an early association with Communism in student days would automatically bar an individual from access to secret information. The information was sought from tutors because it was felt they had a unique opportunity of seeing many sides of a man. Scrupulous care was taken to cross check the information obtained from them. There was nothing surreptitious about the inquiry, which was considered essential to the security of the state.

The other answer was typified by Professor H. V. A. Briscoe, of Imperial College, London, who said at last week-end's A.U.T. conference: "I still fail to distinguish between the questions asked by security people and those of ordinary employers who write to ask about students they are considering taking into their employment." Nobody can impugn Professor Briscoe's integrity or intelligence; and no doubt he speaks for a good many of his professional colleagues. Nevertheless his point is badly taken. He "fails to distinguish," because the government intends that he shall fail; and the Ministry of Supply letter is a disingenuous document calculated to obscure the issue.

The case upon which Lord Chorley based his protest was not one involving what may be described as "open" security ("nothing surreptitious," is the relevant Ministry of Supply phrase). It was a secret attempt to procure a member of a teaching faculty to occupy a listening and watching post inside a university on behalf of the *secret* service. The secrecy is all important. What is criticised in this particular case is not the desire of the authorities to secure responsible and open references for candidates for posts "giving access to exceptionally secret information." That is another matter. While there are a good many criticisms of the operation of the "open" security, to which the Ministry of Supply admits, few sensible people will deny that some investigation of applicants for some jobs is necessary. So long as inquiries are made with the applicant's knowledge—or so long as the applicant knows that the post in question is liable to involve him in a security check—Professor Briscoe's proposition can be reasonably entertained.

But underneath the system, defensible in theory even though sometimes objectionable in practice, of openly vetting particular people for particular posts, lies another which is much less edifying. A clue to its existence is furnished by an incautious remark in the Ministry of Supply letter: "scrupulous care was taken to cross check the information obtained." But how, and by reference to what? Whose job is it to evaluate the worth of different testimonials? Who, in fact, provides the references for the referees themselves? The answer is that the cosy young men in the Ministry of Supply who assure us that there is nothing surreptitious about all this are merely the front-men of an organisation, about which they themselves know little and the public almost nothing at all. By definition, the secret service does its work in secrecy: parliament has no control over its budget: ministerial supervision is the personal prerogative of the Prime Minister—and few Prime Ministers have either the time or the desire to exercise supervision in other than the broadest terms. The secret service operates not in the world of "ordinary employers who write to ask about students they are considering taking into their employment," but in the *demi-monde* of espionage and counter-espionage. Its purpose is not simply to vet people who apply for particular jobs, but to observe and to record the attitudes and associations of all who are potentially bad security risks.

Now it would obviously be neither wise nor even reasonable to ask that this country alone in the world should do without a secret service. But it is equally ill-advised to blind ourselves to the fact that secret service work is dirty work, which must be done by dirty means and which is bound to corrupt and besmirch anybody whose professional life is conditioned by the normal assumptions of decent human intercourse. This is why Lord Chorley is right to protest so vigorously about the case which has come to his notice and this is why it seems to us that Professor Briscoe deceives himself.

For, if indeed the secret service succeeds in enlisting agents inside the universities, then the relation of free, uninhibited, equal exchange between master and pupil must be rapidly destroyed. The task of the university teacher is not to stuff his students with facts but to nourish them to full intellectual and moral stature. How can that task be accomplished without a complete and sympathetic understanding of their interests, their predilections and even their defects of character? And how can that understanding exist, if the knowledge which is gleaned in confidence and common purpose is all to be whispered to a War Office nark over furtive luncheons in a Whitehall pub? How indeed can the integrity of the teacher himself be preserved once the authorities are in a position to expose him as a spy among his colleagues?

The confidence between pupil and teacher in the university is the very foundation of academic freedom; and nothing in the world could so quickly and completely destroy it as the know-

lec'ge that information which came confidentially to the teacher might be secretly taken down and secretly given in evidence. Professor J. L. Montrose of Belfast University summed up what we believe to be the correct attitude to this problem when he said to the A.U.T. conference:

> We ought to make it clear that this Association is quite convinced that no person can with honour remain a university teacher and at the same time agree to be a secret agent for the government in this work. Our prime obligation is to discuss quite openly principles and politics and all sorts of things, and this seems to me a most reprehensible step.

We hope that all university teachers will on reflection accept the justice of these words. But the matter cannot be allowed to rest at that. The A.U.T. has properly decided to pursue its inquiries, in an attempt to find out the degree of penetration by the secret service. Individual members of the Association are to be asked to furnish particulars of the number of times they have been approached by the security authorities and the sort of questions they have been asked. It is to be hoped that the profession as a whole will co-operate fully in this inquiry. We realise that co-operation may not always be an easy matter. There are probably university teachers who, for reasons of what seemed to them patriotic duty—or because they did not fully understand the nature of their commitment—have in the past lent themselves to this dirty business under the pledge of secrecy. They must now ask themselves a most testing question. Does not the ideal of academic freedom and integrity to which they have dedicated their lives demand of them that they now reject the obligation of secrecy in order to join with the rest of their profession in rooting the spy and the informer out of the universities? Merely to produce a list of the harmless approaches involving "open" security is not enough. It is the secret approaches which must be dredged to the surface if the universities are to purge themselves of an insidious, but, in the long run, deadly poison.

The First Gravedigger

BEHIND the political jokes in *Le Canard Enchainé* often lurks political truth. Last week the magazine turned its attention to the future of Guy Mollet. "If his return to opposition," it said, "means a change of direction as sudden as that which accompanied his accession to power, it will be worth watching." And it went on to put into his mouth a speech attacking the Algerian war and taxes and high prices, and calling for fiscal reform and a siege economy—everything, in fact, which M. Mollet's speeches used to contain before he formed his government in January, 1956.

This time, alas, the French Socialists may not find it so easy to change direction. It is true that in days gone by it was a Socialist government which launched the war in Indo-China, and that this did not prevent the Socialist Party, a few years later, from setting itself up as the champion of peace with Ho-Chi-Minh. But the difference between then and now is that the Socialists are far more deeply committed, both publicly and internally to the Algerian war than they ever were in Indo-China. M. Mollet and M. Lacoste—and thus the Socialist Party as a whole—have become completely identified with the war in Algeria and with the invasion of Egypt. Moreover, by committing themselves in this way they have demoralised the whole of the French left.

It is traditional among French Socialists not to criticise in public members of the party who are inside the government. But, under Guy Mollet, who has been leader of both the party and the government, "censorship" has gone very much further than the tradition. All debate inside the party has been suppressed. Indeed, M. Mollet's dictatorial attitude has been carried to the point where the executive committee of the party has never even debated either the need for the Suez expedition or its outcome; while the parliamentary group has become a sort of regiment which must obey orders, without question and without compunction, under the threat of disciplinary action. It is true that there have been some Socialist deputies, and even ministers, who have not been in complete agreement with M. Mollet's policies in Algeria and Egypt. But even these have been scared into conformity inside the Assembly—and silence outside. Meanwhile M. Mollet has managed to secure almost complete control of the provincial federations by the appointment of his personal nominees in the key jobs. Every kind of pressure has been exerted on potential critics, and there are a good many erstwhile Socialists of the left who have become *Molletistes* since being appointed to jobs or being sweetened with Legions of Honour and other special inducements. M. Mollet deserves our congratulations for having outstripped all his predecessors in operating the machinery of government to his own political advantage.

The result of all this makes sorry reading. The Socialist Party had its historic chance last November to re-establish itself with the French working class, which was profoundly shocked by events in Hungary. It threw the chance away. No one was tempted to leave the party which identified itself with the repression of the Hungarian revolution in order to join the men who were responsible for the war in Suez. And that is not all. M. Mollet is the best witness to the fact that the French left is no longer capable of resolving the colonial problem. The Socialist Party, and the non-Communist left as a whole, cannot rebuild itself in France unless it can steal working-class membership from the Communists and at the same time succeed in constructing round metropolitan France some sort of commonwealth. The Mollet government is evidence that the Socialists have not the stature for either of these historic tasks.

Nothing is more disturbing today than the apathy and demoralisation which has taken hold of the French left as a whole. I was shocked by a conversation I had a few days ago with an old Socialist stalwart, who told me bluntly that he would favour General de Gaulle's return to power. I pointed out to him the danger to French democracy inherent in "strong-man" government. His reply was instructive: "If you have a bomb hanging over your head and it's liable to go off at any minute, you don't worry what is going to happen next week. You have to concentrate on the immediate threat. De Gaulle is the one man in France who can get us out of the Algerian war." Nor is that an isolated point of view. Up till February 6, 1956, most French Socialists believed that a vigorous Prime Minister of the left could go to Algiers, dominate the settlers and negotiate a compromise with the nationalists. Since M. Mollet surrendered to the extremist settlers under bombardment with over-ripe tomatoes, that possibility doesn't exist. Any attempt to negotiate in Algeria by a politician of the left would now provoke a revolt of the settlers and of the army. Only someone like General de Gaulle, who can count on the loyalty of the army and who can divide the French right, can risk making a settlement with the Arab nationalists.

General de Gaulle is known to favour an all-embracing North African conference which would bring round the same table representatives from Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria, and which, after concessions on both sides, would realise the project of a "French Union" which he first mooted at Brazzaville as long ago as 1943. In both Tunisia and Morocco political leaders are despondent about the ineffectual working of the French parliamentary system and well aware that the continuance of the Algerian war constitutes a grave handicap to their own future progress. That is why for a long time they leaned towards M. Mendès-France, who seemed to them committed to winding up the war and bringing a little order into the affairs of the Republic. And now that Mendès-France clearly has neither the authority nor the chance to implement his programme, they are beginning to turn a kindly eye towards General de Gaulle.

However, Tunisians and Moroccans live in Tunisia and Morocco: whatever may be their ultimate relation of "interdependence" with France, they do not risk being unduly affected by the establishment of a personal dictatorship here in Paris. It cannot be taken for granted that if General de Gaulle assumed power, he would discard it again as readily as he did in 1946. Already he is said to have laid down as a condition of his return the creation of a "presidential" republic, which would concentrate maximum power in his hands. France, in other words, would cease to be a parliamentary democracy if he had his way. It is M. Mollet's greatest achievement that this danger seems to a great many men of the left as the least of many evil choices.

The French right, beaten at the polls last year (but in a sense victorious since—as a result of Mollet's policies), still has illusions about the possibility of maintaining the *status quo*. With or without the support of the Socialists, the right-wing parties will for the time being try to use their power to maintain their objective of "pacification" in Algeria, while they lurch from expedient to expedient at home. But a right-wing government can only aggravate the basic problems and dangers which beset the Fourth Republic. One of M. Mollet's ministers observed recently that France has "Nazi generals and Fellagha generals, and no others." The dissensions which have become evident in the French forces directly involved in the Algerian war, and which are exemplified by the recent cases of Generals Faure and Bollardière, are more and more reflected among the general public. Ill feeling between those who favour liquidation of the Arabs and those who are for peace in Algeria is becoming increasingly violent. Every branch of French life—the church, the students, the unions—is now involved in this battle. The tragedy is that, thanks to M. Mollet, the French left is facing a trial of strength in a position of total inferiority—with the result that it may be obliged before long to settle for de Gaulle in order to avoid a more deadly kind of dictator.

But the dangers of settling for the lesser evil are well known. The truth is that the French Socialists need time to recover the morale and coherence that they have lost under M. Mollet. If they get the time and events don't force their hand, they still have a chance. If they don't, M. Mollet will go down in history as the first gravedigger of French Socialism.

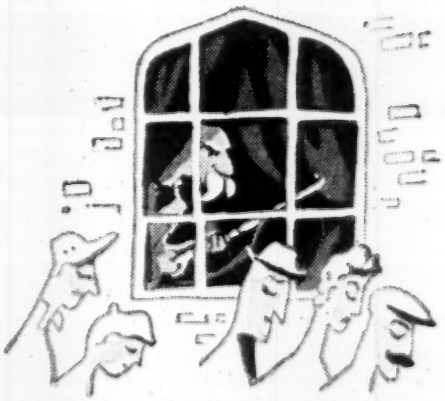
K. S. KAROL

The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

WETT CHAMBERLAYNE

We have decided to open part of the gardens and visitors are welcome. At the same time we have made it clear that we are not allowing strangers to wander everywhere. We want to share our pleasures with the People (children half price); but we have no intention of imitating some of the more "aristocratic" patrons of stately homes who allow people to amble round on their own. Visitors are welcome between 3.30 and 4.30 except at weekends and holidays unless there is a notice up to the contrary. No dogs are allowed though they may look quietly through the front gates if on a lead. Visitors will be searched for litter before entering, and again, before they leave, for seeds. Cars may drive to the gate but they must be parked inside the manure yard, *backs* to the wall. The dwelling quarters are barricaded off, but visitors are requested not to look at them and are particularly put on their honour not to raise their eyes above the level of the ground floor. And remember: ONE-WAY ONLY: *No Smoking, chewing or snuff:* E PERICOLOSO SPORGERSI: *Tenez la gauche:* GROUND UNDER REPAIR: *Do not Look:* LOOK ROUND AND READ GREAT NATURE'S OPEN BOOK *(Keep Moving):* KEEP OFF: *Do not disturb gardener's boy:* LOW CHATTER ALLOWED HERE: *All cameras will be confiscated here.* The penalties for stealing bulbs or for pulling the communication cord are printed on back of card.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

London Diary

If the 24-year-old labourer Ronald Dunbar is hanged in Durham next week this will be the first execution in Britain for almost two years. A defence psychiatrist gave weighty evidence to the effect that the condemned man is an "inadequate psychopath" and therefore of "diminished responsibility" and guilty only of manslaughter. What bothers me is that, in spite of this, the judge and jury did not avail themselves of the new doctrine of "diminished responsibility" in the 1957 Act. It is not clear, indeed, whether the jury had any acquaintance with the problem; they apparently accepted the testimony of the prison doctor, who was not a psychiatrist, that the man was not a psychopath because he showed no remorse. (A peculiar characteristic of most pronounced psychopaths is precisely their complete lack of remorse.) Is the Home Secretary's pledge that a qualified psychiatrist appointed by the state will examine all such accused being honoured? At what stage is his examination supposed to take place? If it waits until after conviction, the Act will have changed very little; the decision will still be left as before to the Home Secretary. The execution of such mentally abnormal creatures—Dunbar has been to a variety of institutions and has had 22 jobs in the course of his 24 years!—is, unfortunately, no new thing in this country, although in Holland, Sweden and Denmark special curative institutions for them have been long since established and, in Britain, at least one mental hospital and three prisons are conducting notable experiments in healing psychopathy by psychotherapeutic treatment. A reprieve is still possible. The Home Secretary can now prove his avowed interest in the pathological problems which lie at the root of so much crime.

* * *

The playing-out-time mentality afflicts other aspects of public life as well as cricket. If Authority really believed in the future of the BBC as a public service—and for all its faults, Reith's concept of the BBC has been one of Britain's best contributions to civilisation in the last generation—then Sir Arthur fforde would not have been made chairman of the governors. Another illustration is the appointment of Professor James Mead to the Marshall Chair of Economics in Cambridge. I have nothing against Mr. Mead, who is a sound, orthodox, middle-of-the-road economist. My point is that he is chosen in a field which included such distinguished potential professors as Joan Robinson, Richard Kahn, Nicholas Kaldor and Roy Harrod. Of course, there are objections to all of them, and that is no doubt why an unexceptionable candidate wins the race. Fear of the controversial person has, I am told, excluded for the Regius Professor of History at Oxford such outstanding figures as A. J. P. Taylor, Trevor Roper, and A. L. Rowse. The chosen professor, I hear, is Dr. Lucy Sutherland, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall and author of a number of learned historical treatises. I understand that she had the backing of the doyen of British history today, Sir Lewis Namier, who would himself have been Regius Professor twenty years ago, if even then Authority had not been playing for safety. A most amusing battle must have been going on behind the scenes. I recommend the theme to C. P. Snow. He should have great fun with the donnish objections to appointing a woman to be a Regius Professor and balancing them against the divisions of opinion that would arise over the politics, manner, morals, academic and other achievements of her rivals. There is much to be said in the field of politics for appointing a Baldwin or an Attlee; the leader of a political party is a chairman whose function is to unite different groups. But the successors of Marshall and Stubbs should be chosen for intellectual distinction, not because they divide people least.

* * *

Vladimir Dedijer, who is in England this week, is one of the most significant figures in the European Socialist movement. The friend and biographer of Tito, he is one of the best theoretical Socialist thinkers and an exponent of the ideas put forward by the Sixth Congress of the Yugoslav Communist party in 1952—the first Communist conference to support the individual right of free thought and expression. On these grounds he supported Djilas, who, like him, was tried in the Yugoslav courts, but, unlike him, was two years later imprisoned. Djilas's imprisonment has distressed the friends of Yugoslavia. But a sharp difference is to be noted. Djilas is a man of political aspirations who had clearly in mind the formation of an opposition party. To our minds there is nothing wrong in that, but it sharply differentiates him from Dedijer, who is a professor of history and has no ambition except to be allowed to continue his work as a teacher and writer. Manchester University has commissioned him to produce an English version of his six-volume history of the Partisan Movement. He has been welcomed in Socialist circles in Scandinavia, on the Continent and in this country; his presence here and the able analysis of the world situation he delivered as a lecture in Stockholm has been taken throughout western Europe as a proof that Yugoslavia is a genuinely independent "non-committed" country.

* * *

Dedijer's Stockholm lecture, which I have carefully read, has not a word in it that could be detrimental to Yugoslavia. As an analysis of the world and European situation, it is critical both of the Soviet Union and America; it looks forward to unified, neutralised Europe and repudiates both the type of domination which the Russians exercise in Hungary and the efforts made by the United States to build up a Little Europe as part of an armed western bloc. It represents, in short, the only possible political basis for co-existence and contains, I should say, nothing with which Tito could disagree—if we are to judge by his public utterances. It is based on a definition of Socialism as an ethical revolt and not merely a technical change in the institution of property. The only people who have any cause to attack it are Communist bureaucrats imbued with Stalinism. They, of course, would like to see Dedijer silenced when he returns to Belgrade; that would no doubt please the Soviet Union. Tito, I feel sure, knows better than this. For political reasons he has now patched up his public relations with the Soviet world, and has been congratulated on his birthday by all the Communist states except, of course, his eccentric neighbour, Albania. But I take it that he is far too fly to allow the necessity for good public relations between Moscow and Belgrade to affect the internal development of Yugoslav Socialism, which, as he has once again reminded the world, must develop in its own way. The outside world judges his personal and national independence by just such evidence as Dedijer's freedom to speak his mind in Yugoslavia and outside it.

* * *

Why, I wonder, did the press not carry accounts of the Amsterdam meetings of the International Press Institute? I'm told that it was a specially interesting session, with 200 editors and correspondents from 20-odd countries represented. Perhaps the British press did not wish to record that the chief topic on the agenda was the plight of British newspapers, which journalists from other countries find hard to explain; they know all about the increased costs of paper and the rest of it, but are surprised that "big business," which is not so much in evidence in the newspaper world abroad, could get itself in such a mess. The conference passed a resolution, sponsored by four Asian powers, deploring the continued house arrest without trial of the Indonesian editor, Mochta Lubis, but failed to pass a similar resolution about the Goldsmith case in Switzerland and the censorship and seizure of French newspapers which are outspoken about Algeria. The French and Swiss newspaper men present didn't want to get into trouble at home.

* * *

An odd story from Leningrad. Professor J. M. Burns, who wrote that excellent book on Roosevelt called *The Lion and the Fox*, was walking along Belinskogo Street the other day. He was quite at ease; he had been wandering round western Russia without any interference—even looking at the ground from aircraft through field glasses. More interested in some charming children dancing in the street than in politicians and power-structures, he took a photograph. A few moments later a policeman asked for his passport and then led him off to a dingy police office. Burns did not know what the charge was. The officer indicated the camera. Later an official interpreter arrived. It turned out that a pretty Russian girl, who had accompanied him to the police station, had reported Burns for photographing a "government building." Burns offered to surrender his film for developing. "Not at all," said the official, "the young lady did not know how your camera worked. Will you accept her apologies?" "Yes," said Burns, "but only if you will translate what I say." He then made a short speech to the police about civil liberties, mutual confidence and the evil results of suspicion. Everyone shook hands several times. The professor left Russia and developed the offending film. He did not know how the camera worked either. The whole reel was a blank.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Queen took a great interest in the brewing process, but did not taste the beer. She was not offered any for fear of offending British temperance circles. Instead, during a pause for refreshment in Nils Bohr's house, she sipped champagne.—*Eastern Daily Press.* (J. K. Jailson.)

Lady (and dog) would like to stay as paying guests with pleasant, informal country family during July; English, Protestant, "U."—*The Times.* (John Scott.)

When the Queen said "Well done, Harry, a magnificent win," after her horse Agreement had won at Kempton Park, Harry Carr, gesturing to the horse, modestly replied, "The credit is all his, Ma'am." What a lovely gesture—animal lovers like myself were thrilled to read of it.—Letter in *Everybody's.* (Bright.)

The committee were 4-3 in favour of an X certificate and then decided later to see the film before giving a final decision.—*The Bulletin.* (D. M. Black.)

the things they say!

We called Bob and Mary on the 'phone last night.

Where are they living, these days?

Bob's with an oil company in Edmonton, Alberta — but his voice was so clear that he might have been in the very next room!

Really? I've always understood there was bad interference on these calls. Atmospherics, they call it.

Ah! That was often the case when you could talk only by the radio-telephone. The new Transatlantic telephone cable that came into use last October has made all the difference.

What's different about it? They've had cables for years.

Yes, but the old ones only carried Morse. This is the first Transatlantic *speech* cable — and it can carry thirty-five conversations all at the same time.

That sounds like a pretty mix-up! How do they manage it?

Well, they use a coaxial cable, and one of the tricks about that is the insulation. It's a plastic called polythene, and apart from being a first-class insulator, polythene is almost indestructible — it'll stand up to its job for years.

Who discovered it?

Imperial Chemical Industries. Lucky thing they did, too, because polythene is the stuff that helped to make our radar more effective than the enemy's during the war. You've probably seen it in the shops, come to that — it's the same versatile plastic as they use for making squeeze bottles, washing-up bowls and sink tidies.

ICI

F

Hark, Hark, the Nark

Grave charges by Lord Chorley, alleging "security" espionage on university students and faculty, are still unanswered by the government.

Frankie an' Johnnie were students,
Frankie an' Johnnie were pals,
They showed no more imprudence
Than other guys and gals,
But they read Karl Marx, and that was *wrong*.

Frankie said to her tutor
(She caught him unawares)
"This goddam guy was cuter
Than some Victorian squares."
And she got full Marx, but that was *wrong*.

The tutor said to Frankie:
"I've met all types of men;
Some get named as cranky—
Take the old N.S. an' N.
To give to your man." (But that was *wrong*.)

With that I enter presto
(I've key-holed all the while):
"Gimme that Commie Manifesto
For the Crim'nal Conspiracy file
You'll be in the Can, for you done *wrong*."

The last I see of Frankie
She looks so bad, poor wretch,
I am lending her my pocket hanky
An' a copy of the *Daily Sketch*
An' I say: "Read *that*: don't get me *wrong*."

The moral of this story
Is plain for all to see:
The Land of Dope and Glory
Is the Mother of the Free—
(Talk through your hat, an' you can't go *wrong*).

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Public Schools

ONCE more the public schools are under discussion. The report of the Fleming Committee is taken off the shelves and read again. That committee was appointed in the belief that there would be a shortage of parents able and willing to pay fees. After 12 years, during which that belief appeared to be ill-found, anxiety reappears. Fees are rising; the capital out of which they are sometimes paid is running out. If the programme of a Labour government were to contain a capital gains tax, a stricter eye on expense accounts and a drive to raise the standards of the nation's own schools, the Fleming assumption might very well be fulfilled.

These and other considerations have led the former political education officer of the Conservative Party to produce a description of the public schools and a policy for keeping them alive and making them more acceptable to public opinion. The chief characteristics of Mr. Berkeley's booklet* are clarity and schizophrenia: his lucidity in presenting facts and proposals is matched by his failure to perceive their implications. From his historical summary, which is as accurate as its brevity permits, we see the public schools system developing to meet the needs of a governing class anxious to consolidate its power: yet to the author this process appears "largely fortuitous." No one who reads what he has to say about the cost of boarding education at public schools can doubt that these schools are predominantly class institutions. Mr. Berkeley realises that the tax reliefs of the 1957 Budget, whatever they may do to keep the public schools alive, will accentuate this characteristic: yet in his proposals he cannot bring himself to say explicitly whether or not he wants this characteristic to survive.

This is, indeed, one of the chief points at issue. Mr. Berkeley tilts at people who "want to abolish the public schools altogether." If he means by this that there are many people who want Eton, Harrow and the rest to cease to exist as schools, he is wrong: the real desire of most critics is that public schools should continue to be schools but cease to be class institutions. This result can only be achieved if fee-paying becomes a minor, instead of a major factor in determining entry, and this would mean a profound change in the character of the schools. Does Mr. Berkeley want this to happen? He avoids a direct answer, but it is a fair inference from his proposals that he does not.

The essential claim made in this booklet for the public schools is that they "provide exceptional opportunities for developing a real community spirit, a disciplined routine of school life centred on compulsory daily chapel, a gradual acceptance of responsibility with the training in leadership it brings, and the inculcation of the classical concept of leisure as a period of activity rather than sloth." Do the facts of modern society bear this out? Are ex-public schoolboys in leading positions, considered as a group, more diligent, more courageous, more ready to take and justify decisions, more mindful of the claims of the community, than working-class town councillors or trade union leaders? The soundness of Mr. Berkeley's claim is by no means self-evident; and when he crowns his description of the public school ethos with the sentence "Christianity, Cricket and the Cold Bath turned Philip Sidney into Thomas Hughes" we are left wondering exactly what it is he wants us to believe.

The policy proposed in the booklet is that every public school should be free to choose whether it will remain as it is, become a direct grant school, or acquire what the author calls "Fleming status." Those which make the third choice must satisfy the Ministry that they have educational standards at least as high as those of direct grant schools, and it is assumed that only 30 or 40 of the leading public schools would be concerned. These schools would admit, from the schools maintained by the Local Education Authority, county bursars whose tuition fees would be paid by the L.E.A. and boarding fees by the Ministry of Education, subject to a parental contribution. L.E.A.s would decide for themselves whether to use the scheme, and the "Fleming status" schools would decide how many, and which, bursars they wanted to admit. It is hoped that age would be lowered to 11, so that bursars could be chosen from the primary schools; the choice would be on grounds of ability, as disclosed by examination, intelligence tests and teachers' reports. The composition of the governing bodies of "Fleming status" schools would remain unchanged. The author appears to assume that bursars would not usually form more than 25 per cent. of the population of a school.

The effect of such a policy would be that a small number of highly gifted children from middle-class and working-class homes would be trained for leadership in schools which would remain predominantly upper-class institutions. We must do this, Mr. Berkeley argues, not because it would increase human happiness (indeed, he thinks this unlikely) but because an "aristocracy of talent" is "the direction in which democracy must head." The proposal is recommended on the dubious grounds that Plato would have approved of it and that Soviet Russia is doing something like it; to this end comes the argument that started with appeals to liberty and Christianity. If Mr. Berkeley wants an aristocracy of talent, his proposal is too timid: if he wants to preserve hereditary privilege by making it appear more respectable he has yet to show why public money should be devoted to so partisan a purpose.

This booklet is published by the Conservative Political Centre and must be set against the background of Conservative government policy. It appears at a time when that government is advancing proposals for local government finance which must handicap the local authority schools. Taken together, these items of policy are calculated to produce a society combining some of the most unattractive features of modern plutocracy, Plato's *Republic* and the U.S.S.R. No doubt we must strive to ensure that positions of responsibility are held by those best qualified: but if we want society to be progressive and wholesome we must at the same time provide for all, as far as our resources allow, the opportunity for development of personality, and we must seek to narrow rather than to widen the differences of outlook between the more and the less gifted. If this is our aim, no policy for the public schools is worth while which does not transform them from class to national institutions and which is not accompanied by a sustained effort to improve the nation's own schools.

MICHAEL STEWART

* *The Public Schools*, by Humphrey Berkeley (Conservative Political Centre, 9d.).

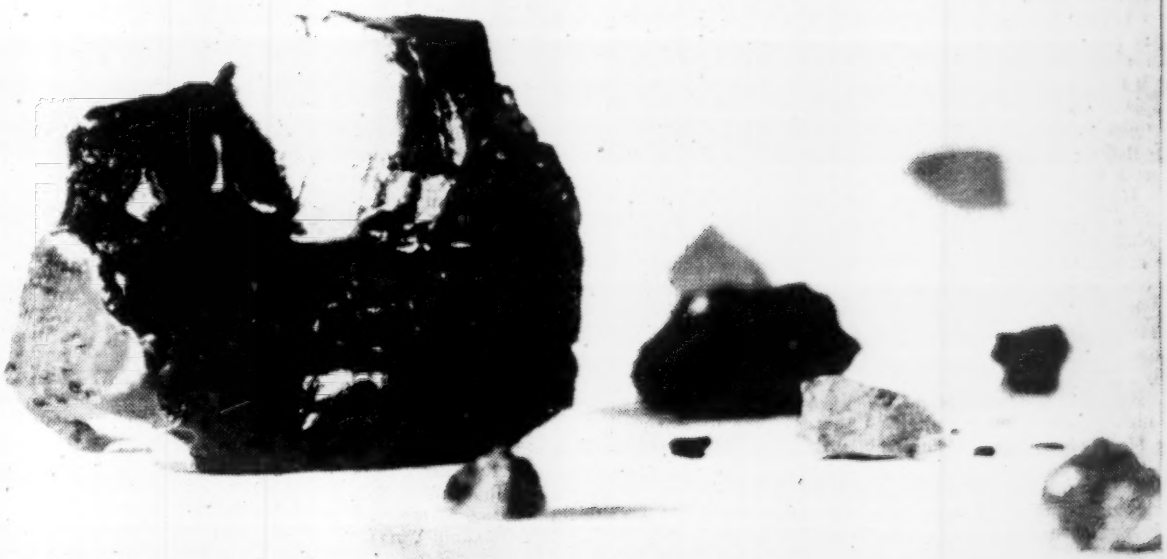
Fleet Street Notebook

IT is perhaps appropriate that at this particular moment the International Press Institute should have published a pamphlet on the editor-publisher relation containing a series of papers contributed over a period by editors of various countries to its monthly bulletin. Appropriate because, when all is said and done that can be about the critical commercial situation which now confronts the British press, it still remains the case that fundamentally what sells newspapers is editorial content. There is no substitute for an editor. As Maarten Rooy, editor of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* of Rotterdam pertinently remarks in this symposium, "just as in a person, the public expects a strong character in a newspaper." It does indeed. The three national papers which have broken new ground in the last 25 years and acquired a distinctive and commanding public position and the commercial success that goes with it are the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mirror*. They could not have done so, of course, without good management, and all three of them have in their respective ways been blessed with superb management. But the decisive fact in each case has been an editorial policy carefully attuned to a particular area of potential readership and inspired by strong personalities who knew what they wanted to do and did it.

If the wedding between the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* which is still actively under discussion—although neither the marriage settlement nor the form of service has yet been agreed upon, and Papa T.U.C.'s consent has not yet been given—is to come to anything, the new paper that emerges will equally have to have a strong and decisive personality unlike that of any other paper. It will require new management and adequate capital for promotion. But above all it will require strong and original editorship. Given which, it might yet surprise everyone, for, judging by previous newspaper cycles, the time is now about due for a new newspaper to break fresh ground in journalism. Not, of course, that the job is going

How much coal has Britain got left?

PLENTY, AND IT CONCERNS YOU



A 1/4 INCH HIGH. *This is a microphotograph of a piece of coal. Small as it is, we need every particle to maintain the standard of life we lead.*

Make no mistake, we have sufficient coal below ground to meet our power requirements for centuries to come. Although today coal is being used to help to build nuclear, oil, and hydro-electric power-plants, it will not be replaced or superseded by these sources of energy within our time. Every lump of coal that can be mined affects our future. For you, your children and their children—*this is the age of opportunity in coal.*

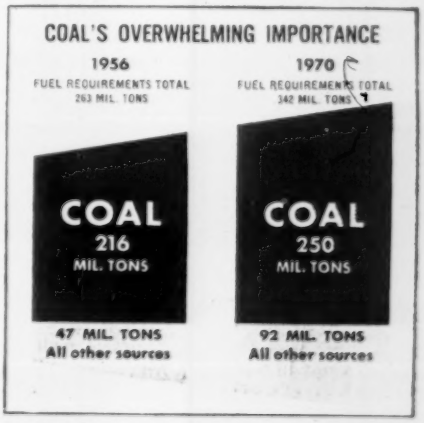
Don't think of coal as lumps in a scuttle. Think of it as your own work, your own wealth, and the good things in your own life. Warmth, light, clothing. Cars, houses, TV. Coal gives you them; lack of coal can take them away. Have we enough left? Yes, more than enough for all our needs in this century and the next. But every ton we take from the earth *makes the next ton harder to get.*

Expanding industry requires more and more coal. How is this to be achieved? *By a far more highly developed mining technology, including a very much greater use of new machinery.* And this means the enlistment of young men—engineers and scientists—on whose skill and training the whole operation of the industry will more and more depend.

The premium on skill

The problems must be handled by skilled men on the spot, using new and better machines developed by the technical specialists behind them. Face workers will therefore have a greater variety of more skilled and specialised jobs; they will be served by a team of engineers—mining, mechanical, electrical, ventilation, strata control, civil, method-study engineers—who will, in their various ways, transform the business of getting coal out of the ground.

For all these men this is the age of opportunity in coal. And they have, as an added incentive, the prospect of building a higher standard of living for us all.



As this chart shows, coal will not be replaced by other sources of power for many generations. Although oil and nuclear power will each year increase their supply of energy, our need for energy is also increasing—at an even faster rate. The result is a growing gap between the energy we have and the energy we need. We have more than enough coal under our own ground to fill this gap—if we can dig it out. With new methods and new men we can.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD, Hobart House, London, S.W.1
Divisional Headquarters in: Edinburgh, Newcastle upon Tyne, Sheffield, Manchester, Arnold, Dudley, Cardiff, Dover

7401/5

to be easy. Over the past ten years the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* between them, taking into account the fact that the *News Chronicle* also includes the *Daily Dispatch*, have lost around 1,150,000 readers. During the same period, the *Telegraph* has put on above 100,000, the *Express* almost a quarter of a million and the *Mirror* about a million. Has that lost army of middle-group readers gone for good or can any of them be won back to compensate for the inevitable loss of some of the present readers of both who will hardly stay faithful if there is a merger? The T.U.C. seems to believe that, without a marriage, it could win back a considerable number of lost *Herald* readers—perhaps 400,000 of them—by a great national campaign through the Labour and trade union movement and an appeal to working-class loyalty. I believe this to be a pipe dream. I do not believe people buy their morning newspaper like that: choice is less dictated by party politics than it used to be. This does not mean that most people do not in general prefer a paper which roughly looks at public affairs from the standpoint that they do themselves—if, but I think only if, its personality as a paper attracts them in other respects. It is not easy to see any marriage with the *Herald* which could hold all the 40 per cent or so of *News Chronicle* readers who voted Conservative at the last election. But the remaining 60 per cent—and even some of the 40 per cent—might give the new paper a trial if it seemed really new. A firm mixing of the two circulations, if it were possible, would give not only quantitative, but also qualitative, strength for advertising. The *Herald* has a slightly higher proportion of readers under 35 than the *News Chronicle*, although substantially less than the *Mirror*. And young readers are important. On the other hand the *News Chronicle* is much stronger than the *Herald* in the top AB and C income groups; indeed the percentage of its readers in these groups is not much less than that of the *Daily Express*, although it is a long way below the *Mail* and even further below the *Telegraph*. The *Herald's* present hold on top-income readers is infinitesimal. Only 2 per cent are in the AB group, and a mere 14 per cent in the C group, while 84 per cent are in the lowest DE group. If a *News-Herald* were able to hold on to some of the higher income groups among the *News Chronicle* readers, as well as to a large lower income circulation, it would be able to provide an advertising picture combining quantity with a reasonable dose of quality that would be much more attractive to the big spenders.

But would it be able to do so? To hold the loyalty of existing readers such a paper might well, I think, require to have both its general policy and the editor's responsibilities defined in a trust deed—perhaps not unlike that quoted by the editor of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* in the I.P.I. pamphlet I have already mentioned, as applying to his own office. This requires that he shall maintain the "traditional liberal spirit" of the paper, which when translated into practice means, he states, that he would break his contract, and the paper its trust, if it persistently supported a party other than the Liberal Party—particularly at election time—but that otherwise he has freedom of independent criticism on particular issues. For "traditional liberal spirit" read "traditional progressive spirit" and for "Liberal Party" read "Labour movement," and a trust deed along some such line might consequently provide the freedom of manoeuvre within which a *News-Herald* could operate successfully and still hold a large part of the present readership. But only, I am sure, if the editor were really given a high degree of day-to-day independence and were really able to impose a strong personality on the paper. For there is, I repeat, no substitute for an editor.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Fifth Amendment

(The anonymous author of this article is an airline captain)

OFTEN enough when a civil airliner crashes, the suggestion is made that the pilot's fatigue was one of the causes. Until last month there has been in Britain virtually no legislation to limit the working hours of civil air crews. Yet even lorry drivers, with a fraction of the pilot's responsibility, have for many years had their hours regulated by law. The problem of devising adequate safeguards for aircrews is complicated because of the many variables involved in their conditions of work. However, the heavy millstones of our legislative machinery have at last produced, after a couple of years' grinding, a Fifth Amendment to the Air Navigation Order of 1954. It deals with the duty hours of civil air crews, and came into force on May 1.

It is the last hour of a pilot's duty-day which is likely to prove the most critical. During those minutes between arriving overhead at his destination and turning off the runway after landing, he may have to make many decisions at high speed, all of which vitally affect the safety of the aircraft he is flying. In theory, therefore, it would be advisable for his duty-day to be no longer than that of the average professional or working man—say, nine hours. This is obviously a theoretical ideal, for many flights greatly exceed nine hours in length. In fact, until now, pilots on long-haul operations have often completed duty-days of twice this length, even though they may have started their spell of duty in the evening, without the immediate benefit of a good night's sleep.

The chief restriction on excessive hours that has existed hitherto, has been that airline schedules have rarely been enforced without the prior approval of the British Airline Pilots' Association. When aircraft delays have lengthened the pilot's day beyond the limits of these schedules, it has been the privilege of the aircraft commander to stop for adequate rest at his own discretion. This latter arrangement has not always worked happily; either loyalty to the company, or fear of managerial criticism, has sometimes influenced pilots to fly excessively long hours. Because of this, in 1954 the Pilots' Association presented the Ministry of Transport with a memorandum on flight-time limitations. Since then, the Association has continually demanded legislation on the subject, and the new order may largely be the result of that pressure.

It might then be expected that the order is being received with enthusiasm by pilots. Not so. It is welcomed by nobody; certainly not by the pilots or the operators, perhaps even less by the air passengers whom it is designed to protect. The Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators has criticised it harshly, saying: "Unless the minister is prepared to give ... assurances ... safe flight may well be jeopardised."

The provisions of the order are complex, but the most important ones are:—

1. An airline pilot may not fly more than 125 hours in 30 days.
2. If there are only two pilots in an airliner's crew, they are limited to 16 hours on duty.
3. If there are three pilots on board, and rest facilities, they may be on duty 24 hours.
4. Following a particular time on duty, pilots must enjoy a certain tabulated rest period before again going on duty.
5. In some circumstances, the duty-day may be extended.

The first of these provisions is the least likely to provoke disagreement, for 125 hours is a well-established maximum. Yet at once the weakness of the entire order is apparent; no operating conditions of any kind are stipulated. One pilot may be operating in the most favourable conditions, spending every night in bed and doing each day a familiar eight-hour flight; another may be flying only at night, in marginal weather, and on busy, short sectors. The strain and fatigue of the two jobs are in no way comparable. This lack of discrimination, coupled with its discretionary clauses and the strangeness of some of its definitions, makes the Fifth Amendment ambiguous and unprecise. Consider two specimen cases which would be covered by the order.

Two pilots end a duty-day of six hours at 9.30 p.m., and retire to bed in a comfortable airport hotel. They are due to resume duty at 8 a.m.; but, because the local weather is deteriorating, their company arranges for them to begin an hour earlier. After preparing their flight plan, the pilots realise that, under the terms of paragraph 34A, because their "rest period" has been less than ten hours, it has not been valid. They have therefore now been on duty continuously, under the definitions of the order, for 16 hours and they are entitled to 18 further hours' rest before again resuming duty. Despite the comfortable night they have just enjoyed, they must postpone further duty until 3 a.m. on the following day.

A similar two pilots arrive at a tropical staging post at 9 a.m. They are called at nine in the evening, and go on duty at 11.30 p.m. They are due at their destination some 15 hours later, but technical delays "not foreseen as likely" (but which do not "dissatisfy" the commander) result in their being three hours late on their final take-off. They then have an engine failure, which reduces their speed, and, on arrival at their destination, find that they have to divert because of weather, adding yet another two hours to their flight. They are thus legitimately on duty for almost 24 hours.

These are not absurd extremes, but illustrate circumstances familiar to most route pilots. That the new regulations should condone spells of duty in excess of those normally agreed between pilots and operators has shocked the pilots, some of whom claim that their call for safer flying has been weakened. Others, however, consider that the problems of fatigue cannot be dealt with by legislation and that the order proves their point.

It will in the end be the interpretation and application of the Order, rather than its drafting, which matters; and it may prove better in service than it looks on paper. But it is sure to remain controversial, and more amendments will probably be required before pilots are satisfied that regulations exist which effectively improve this aspect of air safety

NEXT WEEK

The Biological Effects of Bomb Tests

— a definition of what is known and what is conjectural

by Professor C. H. WADDINGTON, F.R.S.

Portrait of a team of 19 company heads

They're men with an interest in common — the Reed Paper Group, an integrated, efficient industrial body which deals with every aspect of making paper and paper products. But they're also the managers of 19 separate yet major companies in the Group. Each of these, while having access to Group resources, retains its individuality and independence, and understands the character and aims of the Group so well that it can think and act *for itself*.

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The Echo of an Old Song

THERE were, it is true, no bananas growing on our mountain. But our mountain was like an island in a sea of banana plantations; and there, millions of bananas came swiftly to maturity on millions of palms while, on others, the great swag of dark purple flowers faded to reveal neat rows of pale cream fruitlets each tipped with a floret. Day after day we watched the tall, swaying, carefully padded trucks lumber past the house heavily laden with bright green stalks of bananas, each wrapped in a quilt of brown paper padded with pine-needles. There seemed to be men everywhere bearing stalks of bananas on their shoulders, women carrying stalks on their heads above wide-brimmed hats made of palm-leaf strips. Donkeys, mules, camels, cars and ships bore the same burden all about us. But they were not for us.

Each morning, outside the village general shop, we meet the fishmonger up from the coast. He sounds a long blast on his conch-shell, unwittingly reproducing the mournful belling of the bull-moose dismally proclaiming his lust. The fishmonger's sad donkey, bearing a basket of *viejas* on one flank and a basket of *merluzas* on the other, brays hideously in emulation, helping his master to summon custom from the village houses.

We wait for the uproar to subside: it is succeeded by the fishmonger's chant as he calls over what he has to offer: for us the street cries of itinerant tradesmen are indistinguishable from the *malagueñas* with which our deep-voiced neighbours, the mountain peasants of Gran Canaria, lighten their labour as they hack with the broad-bladed hoe at their ungrateful soil. They are a musical people: the farmer sings out his orders to the two tall cows drawing his wooden plough; the camel-driver's *Ohé, camello!* as he beats his loitering dromedary is the first line of a *canto*: one imagines an Italian tenor rendering it with heart-shaking passion.

In the comparative silence following the donkey's effort to drum up a brisker trade in fish, my wife looks at her shopping-list, flicks over the pages of her dictionary, and says, clearly, "*Ficos, por favor.*"

Jaime looks at her, frowning. He scratches with a black finger-nail in the four-day stubble of his beard. His big, brown eyes deprecate his own stupidity, seeming to implore her to make her meaning clear by some means less cryptic than this of language. There are no figs in sight to point to. I break the compact which calls upon my wife to fend for herself linguistically, at least in the shops, and say "*Hihos.*" For in this gentle country all our consonants become aspirates. Jaime brightens. He says, "Ah, hihos!"

He begins to weigh up a pound, stops his weighing to serve the village drunk with his first rum of the day, resumes weighing, stops it again to serve the bus-conductor (who brings in a consignment of fresh cheese from San Mateo), with a sliver of garlic sausage on a cubic centimetre of bread; and completes the weighing. The village drunk has lovely manners: before throwing his gill of spirit down his throat he takes off his ragged hat and says, "*Buenas, señora, señores,*" "*Salud!*" I say, as he swallows, and my wife adds, "*Y dinero!*" Health and money. We wait for Jaime to add, "*y amore,*" for love takes third place among this practical people. Instead he says, absently, "And time to spend it in!" He hands my wife the parcel of figs and asks:

"*Nada mas?*"

"What does he say?"

"Do you want anything more?"

"Yes, eggs. *Huevos, por favor.*"

Jaime bites his lip, shrugs one shoulder, scratches his beard. We know before he speaks that he is out of eggs; perhaps the parish hens are not laying; or perhaps the eggs have gone down to the market on the coast, by *pirata*, that curious supplementary bus-service of 30-year-old American roadsters which links the towns and villages. We wait for Jaime to say, "*Huevos no hay.*" But he is thoughtful, he says "*momentito!*" and raises a calming hand to soothe our impending and alien impatience. He snaps his fingers for Roberto. Roberto is nine: he receives his father's orders and a ragged 25 peseta note with a nod, and a smile for us. He runs across the road to the rival shop and in a few *momentitos* we have our dozen eggs. My wife looks down her list: butter, but that must be bought farther afield; we are outside the pale of such gastronomical sophistication here. Absorbed in the drama of our morning shopping the village drunk has remained, watching every move and every change of expression. "*Quesos?*" Certainly, the bus-conductor has just arrived with the cheese: 200 grams, then. "*Coliflor?*" Jaime looks sadly at the empty vegetable racks and says, "*Mañana por la mañana,*" and offers onions instead. We have onions.

The oblong of blinding sunlight which is the dark shop's doorway into the street, darkens and the Guardia comes in, a small, neat, modest man. He is not one of the squat, unsmiling, watchful Civil Guards who patrol the roads in silent pairs, their sturdy figures and patent leather hats making them look like so many Napoleons. Of their manners to such poor citizens as fall into their hands we hear sickening tales. But our own man is of another service, blue-clad, sam-brown-belted, a gentle humorist. His appearance reminds me that it is time for a drink: I call for rum and honey for my wife, rum for the rest of us, including the village drunk and Jaime. The round costs me tenpence. My wife's basket is nearly full and she is frowning at her list. Diego Suñer, doyen of the *pirata* drivers comes in for a rum, a slip of cheese and an inch of bread; he has the manner of a man of consequence and a tight-waisted jacket. My wife says "*Tomates.*" Jaime shrugs, looks unhappy, puts green tomatoes on the counter . . . penny a pound; and red ones, three ha'pence. The day before we watched a ship laden with three million pounds of this fruit sail for England; and thereafter drove through 30 miles of tomato plantations. Jaime looks glumly at the specimens. Diego Suñer picks up one or two, shrugs, says, "Don't buy these. They're no good." This officiousness in restraint of trade is not resented by Jaime. He smiles, he approves: quite right, they are no good. They look all right to us, but we do not like to insist. I say, diffidently, "Perhaps, fried with a little garlic . . . ?" Suñer shrugs, says "It is your stomach, *verdad?*" The drunk looks shocked. We waive the matter of tomatoes and my wife looks at the great five-bushel basket of green bananas behind the counter and says, "*Platanas.*" Jaime does not even look round; his face is apologetic. He says, "*Platanas no hay.*" It is not true, he has bananas, but not for sale, not to foreigners who must never be ill-served. Suñer explains, kindly, "Green bananas are not good," and presses his stomach with an expression of agony. Jaime says, "*Mañana.*"

Several *mañanas* passed before Jaime, in consultation with Diego Suñer, admitted that he had bananas for sale. We bought and feasted. We were no longer, we thought, in the same case, as to bananas, as the Ancient Mariner in the matter of water. My wife made certain plans, buying cane sugar and rum and taking me four miles to a byre shared by five goats, two camels and three cows which, after a day yoked to the plough, yielded a little milk. We there bought cream. I was to be served with banana *créole*. In the morning there were eggs at the shop, and Jaime sold us tomatoes without reluctance. "*Platanas?*" we said, at last. Sadly Jaime cast a glance over his shoulder at the big basket. It contained a few black and mouldering fruits.

"*Platanas no hay.*"

We thought of the great ocean of bananas all about us, of ships labouring, camels groaning, cars lurching, trucks swaying and women enduring under their burden of bananas. Outside the dark shop the fishmonger's donkey lifted up his great voice; doubtless he was, as usual, calling the housewives to buy *viejas* and *merluzas* from his panniers. But we seemed to detect, in the cadences of his deafening bray, the echo of an old song.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Other Art

THE selection of pictures from a private collection now showing at the Arts Council Gallery makes an exhibition which is far more homogeneous than its title, "New Trends in Painting," implies. It is virtually an anthology of the Paris wing of the broad-based movement which Michel Tapié christened, in 1952, *Un Art Autre*, and whose special characteristic is, as Lawrence Alloway puts it in the catalogue, an "exceptional stress on the action of the artist, splashing his canvas, building up the paint, and so on," engendering "an art reduced to the basic physical ingredients of painting."

"Other Art" is one of the very few labels given to twentieth-century trends that have been at all apt and informative, for such labels, often because, as in the case of "cubism," they have been coined by hostile critics, are generally irrelevant and even, like "cubism," grotesquely misleading. The aptness of the phrase "Other Art" lies in its vagueness, since the movement offers something "other" than post-cubist formalism without being committed in advance to some idea or principle which could become an -ism. If the various -isms of modern art can be likened to rival religious orthodoxies and heresies, the Other Art movement resembles the Church of England—members are allowed to think almost anything provided they don't think too clearly; in spite of which you can tell infallibly by intuition that that's where they belong. Other Art is protestantism without puritanism. It draws freely upon the entire range of modern art, impressionism as well as surrealism, cubism as well as expressionism, fauvism as well as Dada; it has no preconceptions or prejudices about the necessity for figuration, or the necessity for non-figuration—the movement includes figurative artists and non-figurative artists and artists who vacillate between the two. The individual artist is free to do what he feels the need to do at the time. Consequently, though Other Art is aesthetically closely related to surrealism (because of its cultivation of automatic techniques), organisationally it is surrealism's antithesis; indeed, its lack of rigidity is almost certainly to some extent a direct reaction against surrealist popery, with its edicts and encyclicals and schisms and excommunications.

Broad and fluid though it may be, the move-

The name derives from Juno, the goddess of women, but Junius, the Roman youth, also claims a share of the honour; and with justice, if the popularity of June weddings is any guide.

It is one of the happier provisions of our calendar that the month which brings the longest day should provide so many opportunities for making hay. And whether you do this with a cricket ball on the village green or a strawberry tea at the Vicarage Fete—or, indeed, with a hay-fork in a hayfield—it is our hope that the sun will shine upon your labours. It would be pleasant if we could record that it always shone upon ours; but our branch system, though consisting of more than 2,130 offices, is located wholly in England and Wales and these (as all who remember last year's summer will recall) are areas not particularly notable for consistent sunshine records. It can be said, however, that the sun never *sets* upon the Bank's operations, for these are literally world-wide, as many an importer and exporter knows.

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Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TN158

ment is none the less quite distinctive. Thus the pictures by de Staël in the present exhibition don't belong to the movement, but only have affinities with it, because they are more deliberate in conception, more smooth in execution, than Other Art. Other Art has an air of spontaneity which accords with its fundamental emphasis upon total freedom: it is free in method as it is free in doctrine. This freedom is significantly different from Picasso's freedom. Picasso's freedom is a gesture, a protest, it strikes a romantic attitude, implying that the artist's right to freedom has got to be asserted, indeed, to be won. The exponents of Other Art seem to take their freedom for granted—it is a beginning, not an end, not something to get excited about but simply something to use. There is an analogy here, I think, with the different attitudes of the romantic and the existentialist towards their relation to society. The romantic, having discovered that he is against society and society is against him, both congratulates himself upon being alone and resents it, in any case fusses about it. The existentialist assumes from the outset that he is different from the others and treats his isolation as a matter of course. He no more insists upon it than he insists upon the fact that he walks on two legs. It is the same with the contemporary painter's freedom.

The Arts Council exhibition consists of paintings by seven who are in the movement—Dubuffet, Appel, Bogart, Francis, Jenkins, Riopelle and Soulages—and two others—de Staël, who could be called a first cousin, and Ernst, who is there as a sort of uncle. Sam Francis, it seems to me, is easily the outstanding abstract painter of the group, an absolute enchanter. There is also a one-man exhibition of Francis, his first in London, on at present, at Gimpel's, and I can't remember ever seeing an exhibition of modern art that was so seductive: you open the door and walk in and beauty comes at you like a scent by Lanvin.

Much has been said about the relationship of Francis to the late work of Monet. Any indebtedness there may be doesn't show in the paintings (whereas it does show, strongly, in the work of Mark Rothko, who seems to have been Francis's main formative influence); what Francis's paintings remind me of, especially the latest ones, are Cézanne water-colours, in particular those of the Bibémus quarry, what with the transparent paint concentrated in rich luminous patches that begin with a sharp edge and fade away into the whiteness of the large areas of virgin canvas. They are magnified Cézanne water-colours purged of every suggestion of specific landscape, and of the specific constituents of landscape, such as rocks, trees, grass—except space and except light. They are space and light made absolute. And this is their point—that these free, anti-geometric forms meander across the canvas without becoming grottoes or mountains or lakes or entrails or bacteriological slides or skin-diseases or imaginary beasts or phantoms or clouds or interstellar spaces: they are space and light pure and simple, no, complex.

It is no mean achievement to keep faces from coming in when using free, flowing forms. What is more, it isn't only imagery that Francis manages to exclude but also the expression (such as we get in Kandinsky) of specific human passions and moods. But this is not to say that the works lack a reference outside themselves, that they are merely ornamental: it is to say that they don't mean anything local, in nature or in the mind. What they do mean is something purer, something ineffable, perhaps *le néant*, objectified as light, self-regarding light.

But are these mystical intimations made to matter as they should? I don't know. There are days when these paintings have a marvellous solemnity and others when they are only pretty and delicious and rather sweet. And I don't know whether I am being obtuse when it's the latter or credulous when it's the former. The trouble is that the answer to this question is all important, for if these paintings are no more than delightful they are nothing. It is the peculiar vulnerability of abstract art that it cannot afford to be superficial.

Next week I hope to discuss the figurative works in the New Trends exhibition.

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Moon and Sixpence

FIGARO of Gurnemanz, valet or monk, almost everyone in opera is a chatterbox. Parsifal, a slow starter, loosens up wonderfully in the later acts; even poor Wozzeck, silenced by the merciless loquacity of the Doctor and the Captain, has something to say for himself in the home circle. In taking Charles Strickland for the hero of his opera, produced last week at Sadler's Wells, John Gardner was setting himself a task from which Mozart or Verdi or Wagner might have recoiled: that of making music out of taciturnity. The Gauguin-like hero of Mr. Maugham's novelette has little more conversation than a repeated "Go to hell!"; the women in his life are still less communicative. Blanche Stroeve suffers in silence; little Polynesian Ata is impassively faithful. The only people who express themselves with something like normal fluency are the peripheral characters of the story: the absurd Dutch artist, Dirk Stroeve, an old French doctor, and the blowsy hotel proprietress, Tiaré Johnson.

Without Mr. Maugham's narrative skill and ironical first-person observer, the story boils down to just this: Strickland's demonic urge to paint. Now and again Patrick Terry has attempted to externalise this silent craving; elsewhere his libretto carries us efficiently through the episodic sequence of events, without making us feel that they are of any great consequence. How could they seem so to us, when they are plainly of no consequence to Strickland himself? Nothing matters to him but his painting; indifferently he accepts the two women who are offered to him on a plate; any other woman, we feel, or none, would have done equally well. As material for opera, all this strikes me as pretty well hopeless: if Strickland doesn't care about the other human beings on the stage, we care still less. Even the composer seems to have thrown up the sponge by making Ata a speaking part. One of the few humanly touching moments in the opera comes when Ata, in her happiness, is heard singing high wordless melismas offstage; and even here the effect is sensibly diminished by our awareness that the voice cannot be that of the girl we have just seen on the stage.

The continuity and substance of this opera depend, therefore, almost entirely on the orchestra. The orchestra must speak for the inarticulate Strickland, convey the crises of his inner life, suggest his shabby Parisian attic, paint the rich tropical languor of his island. In the hands of a Berg or a Debussy, the attempt might just conceivably have succeeded; but the task has proved too much for Mr. Gardner. He is a highly professional musician; the Symphony with which he made his name at Cheltenham in 1951 was a self-confident production, scored with an impressive command of picturesque effect. In his opera he again displays a brilliant orchestral technique, and there is an experienced touch about the surface of his music which puts it on the decent level of those dozens of *Kapellmeister* operas produced every year all over Germany; but the ideas are almost wholly wanting in memorable outline or flavour. The bulk of the score consists of busy, clever-sounding orchestral scraps, having no evident connection with the business on the stage; the norm of dissonance is roughly that of Hindemith, but we feel little or none of Hindemith's logical harmonic pull; the frequent climaxes seem almost wholly dynamic, so that we come to dread the inevitable clash of cymbals towards which the music is perpetually working.

In writing for the voice, Mr. Gardner ingeniously allows for audibility and for a natural style of declamation; but he gives his singers almost nothing interesting to do, less even than Berg in *Wozzeck* or *Lulu*, and far less than Debussy in *Pelléas*. For instance, a bar-room song by a drunken American sailor, which has popular words and calls out for a catchy tune, is so perversely unmelodic as to make almost no effect. It is significant that the only two passages in which the composer has allowed the voice to take a lead—the wordless song of Ata already mentioned, and an amusing use of coloratura in the Prologue to represent the social chit-chat of a silly girl—are among the few immediately effective pages in the score. The emotional weight has to be carried by the long orchestral interludes; and of these only the last, with its fugato opening on the strings, made a substantial contribution to the progress of the drama.

It would be pleasant to believe that this first operatic commission of Sadler's Wells had resulted in something good; and for one or two seasons *The Moon and Sixpence* may well prove moderately successful, partly because of the professional competence of libretto and score, and still more because of the admirable production by Peter Hall and sets by Leslie Hurry. I am now eager to see a familiar opera produced by Mr. Hall, whose firm but unobtrusive handling could hardly have been bettered. He obtained unusually convincing realistic acting from the whole cast, which included John Hargreaves as Strickland, Anna Pollak as his embittered wife, Rowland Jones and Elizabeth Fretwell as the unfortunate Stroeves, Owen Brannigan as the French doctor, Edith Coates as Tiaré Johnson, Chin Yü as Ata, and June Bronhill as the scatter-brained coloratura of the Prologue. Alexander Gibson directed the complex score with quiet authority, and drew brilliant playing from the Sadler's Wells Orchestra. For the executants, at least, it was a triumphant evening.

It is now generally recognised that the company at the Stoll is very unlike some previous Italian occupants of that theatre. *La Traviata*, though loosely conducted by Franco Mannino, had the

great advantage of a young and personable pair of principals in Alfred Kraus and Virginia Zeani; it was a great relief, too, to see people behaving well at parties, instead of jumping on sofas and dancing during toasts, as they do at Covent Garden. Signorina Zeani is utterly unpredictable: at one moment she sings like an artist, at the next she lets fly. The real discovery of the current season is little Renata Scotto, whose enchanting Adina (in *L'Elisir d'Amore*) I saw only in rehearsal, since the performance clashed with *The Moon and Sixpence;* with a tasteful tenor (Pontiggia) and an excellent *basso buffo* (Leo Pudis), and with the admirable Manno Wolf Ferrari in charge, this will probably prove the best revival of the season—though the two final performances of *La Traviata*, with Renata Scotto, should run it close. Whoever selected this company certainly has an ear: he has introduced us to several artists of whom we hope to hear much more.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Royal Report II

THOUGH it is known that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has a number of royal readers, I have not hitherto commented in two successive issues on the television appearances of the British royal family. Yet these—besides having, evidently, great popular appeal—often provide the most brilliant, visually, of news material; they test and challenge the skill of the BBC and Eurovision engineers and commentators, each visit to some antique European palace presenting new diplomatic and technical problems; and it is of some social interest to note the extent to which the public manifestation of a royal *persona*, originally developed in the pre-TV era, has or has not been adapted to the needs and possibilities of the new medium.

Such adaptation as there has been must be assumed to be deliberate: a princess opening a hospital is as much on show as the prima donna of an opera, and her advisers would be failing in their duty if they did not consider how her clothes, her movements, even her gestures would look, not only in the newspaper photographs or on the old-fashioned cinema newsreels (from which, before they are shown to the public, any passing infelicity can be cut) but, at the very moment of action, in millions of loyal parlours. A royal appearance, therefore, now needs much more thorough and careful production than used to be necessary, but no prudent royal personage or courtier will grudge the extra trouble: the benefits to be derived from it, and the harm that could result from the neglect of it, are alike enormous. Nor is there any loss of dignity in according to TV cameramen opportunities comparable with those long accorded to newspaper cameramen.

Almost immediately after the Duke of Edinburgh's Commonwealth travelogue, whose accomplishments and defects I analysed last week, we were taken off on the royal visit to Denmark. Much has been made of the "informality" of this visit, and there did seem to be rather less tedious pomp than on the visit to Paris; but, even if there was no toastmaster at the royal banquet in the Queen's honour, the picture on our screens was alive with hordes of scurrying footmen, some of them with floral headgear (which looked, if not precisely informal, at least agreeably dotty and folky). There was, however, a long, long wait before we were let in to the dining-hall for the speeches; and I must now take back most of my past unkind remarks about Mr. Dimbleby, for he performed almost to perfection the difficult task of vamping till ready. We were indeed able to study almost too laboriously a portrait of the huge family of King Christian IX, whose 187 descendants, said Mr. Dimbleby, make up "the vast pattern of the European family, the royal family spread all across the continent...." (Hardly *all*, now, perhaps?) But there was little boredom, and we learned a lot of history quite painlessly.

At one moment I almost suspected (but it is unthinkable) that Mr. Dimbleby, feeling the strain of the long delay, was deviating into irony. Alluding to the royal speeches that we were about to hear, he said: "I shall be surprised if King Frederick does not make reference to the long friendship between our two countries." He turned out to be right.

For most British viewers the climax of this occasion was the Queen's speech in reply to this toast; and I am afraid that many of them may have found the experience disappointing. Some candid friend from the BBC ought really to be called in to advise on the considerable further training that the Queen still needs in the technique of speaking for television—or, rather, of speaking on an occasion that is being televised, which is not quite the same thing. It is no good saying that this was a family dinner-party, that her remarks were addressed to the King of Denmark and his other guests, and that the TV audience was merely incidental. That argument is valid of a ceremonial function like the Coronation; but, on an "informal" occasion, the mere reading of a set speech looks and sounds, to the watching millions, quite unnatural. It ought to be possible at least for the Queen to learn by heart the first and last sentences of such a speech, to raise her eyes from her script when uttering them, and to utter them with a trace of warmth and as if she meant them. In these circumstances, it was positively regrettable that an attempt had been made to humanise the speech; for this attempt took the form of making it open with the words "I have been deeply moved . . ." (and an allusion to the kind things that the King had just said). The fact that these words—which, to mean anything, ought to be spontaneous—were visibly read out from a script, and must have been drafted many hours earlier, heightened the effect of artificiality and even conveyed an unfortunate (and false) suggestion of insincerity.

The camera that showed us the Queen close-up during her speech was set at a somewhat unbecoming angle, well above her. If it had been physically possible—I don't know if it was—it would have been better if we could have watched her at face-level; for the fact that she mostly kept her eyes down on her script emphasised the foreshortening of her face. It looked all brow and tiara. Presumably, too, Prince Philip had not been warned that, because this camera was rather to one side, he was in vision for most of the speech: he wore his Annigoni look, very set and stern, and unintentionally stole our attention once by scratching his ear.

On other occasions of this kind it ought to be possible so to groom and to produce the Queen that—without any lessening of the primary importance of her immediate audience—she will be projected more effectively into the consciousness of the mass-audience of viewers. (It would be of advantage, too, if her speaking voice were to become more flexible in tone.) Owing to the notorious ineptitude of the Palace public relations—criticised even by the Press Council—the royal family have had a mixed, and often an embarrassing, press in recent years: it would be a pity, from their point of view, if they did not make the most of a potent new medium of communication to which they have unedited access.

TOM DRIBERG

Famous Americans

EVERY now and then the screen is flooded with famous Americans. Such a wave at the moment brings Lindbergh, Buster Keaton and James A. Piersall. The one we have never heard of makes by far the best film. Piersall was (is?) a baseball player. Baseball as such has less appeal for me than croquet; in fact, I might quite enjoy a candid revelation of croquet and its champions. However, here is a film about baseball that succeeds in getting away from American provincialism. *Fear Strikes Out*, at the Plaza, is all about a father who wants his son to get into the Boston Red Sox one day, gets him in, and then the boy has a breakdown. The background of play has an energy-letting fury, and the father-son enslavement provides tension from the very first moment, helped both by the acting of Karl Malden and Anthony Perkins, and by a dark-keyed photography.

Under Robert Mulligan's direction the arena comes to acquire some of the terror it had in Rome for Christians; the crowd is menacing, the pitcher weaves gladiatorial spells. In the face of this weekly ordeal, and a Dad intent on nothing else, the youth goes berserk, starts fighting, tries to climb the wire stockade. The rest of the film deals, deliberately and convincingly, with the state of breakdown: electric shock, analysis, persuasion. The father-complex is at last loosened. Both actors in this drama play their parts compellingly, and Anthony Perkins (the son) seems

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NORTH
GLOUCESTERSHIRE INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION COUNCIL
Gives advance notice of a
CONFERENCE of INDUSTRIALISTS & EDUCATIONISTS
to be held at
The Town Hall and The Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham
On the 9th and 10th October, 1957
The object of this Conference is to give Educationists and Industrialists the opportunity to discuss together the promotion of education for Industry, with particular emphasis on engineering, as part of the School Curriculum.
Full details of the Conference, which will be addressed by Lord Hives, Sir Harold Roxbee Cox, The high Master of St. Paul's School, Dr. B. V. Bowden, Mr. Henry Gardner, Mr. E. G. Sterland, Dr. J. S. Tait, and other nationally known personalities, will be available shortly. Meanwhile, enquiries are welcomed at the
Secretariat of the Council,
8, Lansdown Place, Cheltenham.

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marked for a long line of tense, mumbling roles. My only complaint against *Fear Strikes Out* is that being so single-minded, it is also somewhat monotonous.

In the same programme is *The Buster Keaton Story*. After Chaplin I believe the screen has known no other comedian to touch Buster Keaton, and I was both horrified and bored to find him impersonated here by Mr. Donald O'Connor, who could neither embody his looks nor match his gravity. To find this jaunty effigy re-enacting bits from old Keaton films, speeded up in an attempt to appear genuine, was dispiriting indeed. There are wonderful riches in those old films—the real ones—some of which have been revived at the National Film Theatre; but the shorts haven't, so far as I know, seen daylight here for many a decade. A harvesting film with Keaton himself and extracts would have been worth a hundred fictions about a star who bought a palace, drank, never made the grade into talkies. One can only hope he was well paid to allow this grotesque and tedious impersonation.

James Stewart as Lindbergh isn't Lindbergh, but at least he is James Stewart. It's an impossible subject for a film—the Atlantic flight with flash-backs—unless it were done by some director with a passion for the enclosed scene. Billy Wilder furnishes *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Warner's) with bits of horse-play, some splendid aerial views, an authentic reconstruction of the machine, and a big scene for the arrival at Le Bourget; but quite a lot of the hero's effort is spent in trying to keep awake, and so is ours. We don't get Lindbergh at all. The surprises, even for those who may have read Lindbergh's account, are the cabin with no front view except by periscope, the low flying, the threat of ice on the wings, and the course held by rough calculation. Presumably *The Spirit of St. Louis* had to be made in some such way as this, but it is a pity its resonance couldn't have been made less hollow. I dread to think of that far-off day when we shall face *The Ike Story*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BATSFORD
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by RALPH DUTTON

This invaluable guide to those touring France this summer is now out. Almost a hundred châteaux are described and there are 111 photographs and a map. *35s.*

Yeats Exhibition, at Reading University

Visual souvenirs of the people and the places which the literary imagination has transformed tend to be disappointing. At last year's Proust exhibition, Proust's "real" world boiled down, most disconcertingly, in photographs, to over-furnished interiors, frumps with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and stupid-looking gentlemen with waxed moustaches. Yeats, however, like Byron, is a writer whose work leads one rewardingly into his life, and his life back into his work again; both the life and the work were in the grandest romantic tradition. In the photographic exhibition which Professor D. J. Gordon has arranged in the fine new Faculty of Letters building at Reading University, we can watch Yeats transforming himself from a straggly, gangling, floppy-tied young bohemian, through a middle age of sullen, over-clouded power, into an old man as beautiful as an eagle. We can see, too, that Maud Gonne and Con Markiewicz were as beautiful, Lady Gregory and John O'Leary as noble, as he said they were; he was right to turn them into symbols. We can see, too, how the other arts bred images for him, from the hieratic stiffness of Byzantine mosaics to Loie Fuller's "whirl of shining draperies manipulated on sticks," and we can feed our imaginations with what his fed on. The guide to the exhibition, written by Professor Gordon and Mr. Iain Fletcher, is itself a most vivid and sympathetic piece of criticism. The exhibition is open till June 7.

G. S. F.

Correspondence

ENDING ELEVEN-PLUS

Sir,—In his article on "Ending Eleven-plus" Dr. Pedley attacks one examination while paying exaggerated attention to another. He says that if sixth-form colleges were formed to take pupils over the age of fifteen, the sitting of G.C.E. at advanced levels would be facilitated.

It might, though many clever children under the age of fifteen need surprisingly little teaching. Those, who do not have to be persuaded into an interest in their subject, are exceptions. In a democracy, an education system should be geared to what is normal (which does not mean that it should not also cater for what is exceptional). Otherwise those who were culturally and politically aware would lose contact with what would be a semi-literate majority.

Dr. Pedley's sixth-form colleges may seem modern. In fact they continue the grammar school anomaly which bases courses of study on the capacities of those likeliest to gravitate to the sixth form. The prestige of his sixth-form colleges would attract better qualified and more experienced teachers even if the allowances did not. Those who could not get in would look after the "middle schools" with children under fifteen, much as those not accepted or acceptable for grammar school posts form most secondary modern school staffs.

The most capable men would thus be siphoned off from the "middle schools." I would not defend the present system where children deemed "less able" are relegated to secondary modern schools, where often the staff and pupils have lost hope. But in Dr. Pedley's system there would still be relegation. It would be relegation not by ability but by age. His "middle schools" would be too small to provide a multiplicity of technical courses so pupils would leave early without even the foundation of a technical education. They would have to leave early because most firms are reluctant to take on apprentices over the age of fifteen. Attention in the "middle schools" would be focused on those likeliest to reach sixth-form colleges. The others would be failures just as much as if they had failed the eleven-plus examination. They would be the equivalent of the present secondary modern pupils. Like them, they would be expendable.

What is the alternative? There are several L.C.C. comprehensive schools which have a more enlightened approach. They recognize that pupils are not so much better than each other as different from each other. They are big enough to provide courses to cater for most conceivable differences. Above all, they do not assume that schools exist to provide pupils with examination certificates even though they may recognize such certificates as being a test of progress. They can give appropriate courses to those Dr. Pedley's scheme forgets—the majority.

PHILIP HOBSBAUM

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S.W.9.

SECURITY CHECKS

Sir,—Barbara Castle refers to the safeguards which civil servants now enjoy in matters of security. There seems to be a general assumption that the civil service security procedure does, in fact, provide adequate safeguards for the individual who may be under investigation as a security risk. The civil service staff associations are far from satisfied with the existing arrangements.

While the procedure provides that the civil servant shall be given any particulars such as the date of his alleged membership of the Communist Party or the nature of his alleged sympathies or associations, such information is strictly limited and he cannot be given any particulars which might involve the disclosure of the sources of the evidence. This limitation frequently places the civil servant at a disadvantage in his efforts to clear himself of the allegations.

The most serious defect, however, is that a civil servant who asks for his case to be referred to the "Three Advisers" may not be represented either by his lawyer or by his trade union. Notwithstanding repeated demands, successive governments have so far refused to concede this customary facility. The absence of a provision for representation before the advisory body has damaged the confidence of the civil service in the procedure, and those like Mrs. Castle who are pressing for the extension of the civil service arrangements to industrial workers should be fully aware of the limitations of the procedure followed in the public service.

The government could go a long way towards creating greater confidence in the security procedure by agreeing to representation before the advisory body.

J. L. WILLIAMS
General Secretary

The Society of Civil Servants,
Palace Chambers, S.W.1

HUNGARY REVISITED

Sir,—If Professor Bernal's "object was to see whether anything could usefully be done to assist scientists in Hungary and to re-establish their links with scientists in this country," he certainly will not achieve it by meddling in affairs about which he is obviously wrongly informed.

Because he seems to be the one and only person to be impressed by evidence of "the emergence of violent anti-Semitism which seemed to be moving from the sporadic pogroms of the October days . . . towards a general massacre of Jews and Communists." Could he perhaps possibly state the whereabouts of these "pogroms"—even if sporadic ones—in Hungary in October? There were none—they were just as much a piece of Communist propaganda as was the branding of the national uprising as counter-revolutionary.

Also, Professor Bernal does a great disservice to the Jews by linking them with Communists. Any person who felt insecure in the October days had to be someone belonging to, or connected with, the A.V.O., the secret police. No one else had any reason for fear. The nation was united; Hungary stood firm on one side—on the other was the oppressor, the Soviet army and their servile stooges, the hated secret police. All eye-witnesses—and there were plenty of them from amongst the western journalists (including the reporter of the *Daily Worker*!)—were unanimous in this respect.

Material conditions may be good at present in Hungary, but it certainly would have been a very unobservant visitor who failed to observe the series of executions. Or is the erection of gallows less con-

spicuous than the lifting of the curfew or the building of chimneys?

On one matter I agree with Professor Bernal. My feeling also is that we should welcome any *constructive* efforts there and try at least to restore friendly contacts between the scientists of the two countries. But this will not be achieved by publishing slanderous, dangerous and untrue statements.

T. MARFFY-MANTUANO

14 Chester Row,
S.W.1.

NIGERIA'S FUTURE

SIR,—In your very interesting article on "The Greatest State in Africa," you touched on the central point in Nigerian politics. My only regret is that you did not pause to examine this all-important question.

With remarkable shrewdness and clarity you comment: "very broadly, the present regions reflect the domicile of the three main Nigerian tribes, Ibo, Yoruba and Hausa. Yet Nigerian tribes are by no means homogeneous, and separatist movements have already begun. The north stands to lose most from fragmentation. At present it controls half the seats in the Federal House of Representatives. As the Northern Peoples' Congress, of which the Sardauna is leader, dominates the region, no federal government can be formed without its approval. Regional division, and particularly the formation of the much-canvassed "middle-belt state" out of northern provinces would inevitably destroy this control. . . . The two other regions are eagerly grasping the opportunity to secure their aim of federal independence, no doubt confident that the tenuous administration of the north will soon be exposed to their control once British authority is removed." It is surely not a happy situation when the bid to control the federal government can become a struggle between regions. The chief weakness of the constitution under review is that it has not only encouraged regional nationalism but actually makes it possible for a purely regional party to form a government at the federal level. This is an ugly situation.

The east, west and north are not completely Ibo, Yoruba or Hausa. There are other large ethnic groups within each of the regions and these minority groups cannot feel happy that it is possible for a party to appeal to the sentiments of the main ethnic group and be able to form the government of the region. Such a situation, if not remedied, will poison the political air of the regions. Indeed, sir, when the new states being advocated are created, any political party which wants to control the federal government will be compelled to be national since no single ethnic group is large enough to dominate the federation by sheer weight of numbers. This is the way to create a healthy federation and ensure the unity of Nigeria.

It is not easy to agree that the present set-up can really strengthen the position of the Northern Peoples' Congress in the Nigerian Federation. Refusal to create a Middle Belt State cannot kill the demand for it. It is even more likely to strengthen it and weaken the N.P.C. Despite the appeasement of Welsh nationalism, it remains a living thing after the lapse of so many centuries. It will even be more so in the case of the Middle Belt. Indeed, the earlier the state is created the better the prospects of the N.P.C. retaining the support of the people of the area. The same thing applies to other states being advocated.

Nigeria will need a great economic effort if our aspirations are to be translated into realities. There is a case for the co-ordination of economic development by the federal government. The National Economic Council set up on the recommendation of the International Bank mission is a step in the right direction. Its powers should be strengthened and the Council should be organised in a fashion that makes its life independent of the displeasure of a regional politician.

We must hope the Conference will succeed. Once the Colonial Secretary has accepted the demand for federal independence in 1959, he should be well placed to render his last services to what may well become Britain's greatest gift to Africa.

2 Olive Road, ELRIOZE EDIAE
N.W.2.

SUBSIDISED SEGREGATION

SIR,—The European public indignation which greeted the opening of the multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland has to some extent died down locally, and this might be a good chance of assessing the reactions of the students towards each other. Contrary to most expectations, the daily routine has turned out as placid as can be expected at any institution where new boy is meeting new boy. Naturally enough, there have been upsets over the vexed problems of mixed swimming and dancing which have been played up by the local press. A body of opinion which resented such a rapidity of social intercourse does certainly exist at the university, and to prevent further dissension, the authorities have shelved these questions until a more propitious time.

Within its environment of racial suspicion it has not been easy for the students to effect a real mutuality. Having been taught to hate each other, it is not easy for the students to reach a real understanding. Rhodesians have objected to the African students touring a local girls' high school as part of their study course; they have objected to mixed dining; they have objected to group photographs, while most have just objected to the whole project. In the face of this, and their inherent colonial prejudices, the students of both races are left squirming between their inherited social concepts and their consciences.

Obviously the solution lies in the common sense of the students—of whom 20 are products of South African universities—and it has not been lacking in the attitudes of the Rhodesian students. Recently, when I was asking questions in the university, everyone exhibited a most marked caution and reticence, but one point that did immediately emerge was a subtle hostility towards the students from the United Kingdom. One student was not so subtle in his attitude, and his own words may convey far more than I could possibly say: "What we're trying to do here is to form a society of moderates. The Africans we have here are not potential Bolshies, they're not even nationalists—they're just quiet, ordinary fellows. But these types from England. . . . All they can say is 'Why can't they sit with you in the cinema?' Now they're even wanting to move down to the Africans' residences. I'm tired of hearing them say, 'Now, in England we do this. . . .' That's all very well, but the problem here is of Rhodesia and not England." The presence of these students at the university is in no way resented, in fact they bring a breath of fresh air into the normal Rhodesian apathy; but each and every Rhodesian student emphasised that it will be moderation and discretion that will determine the future of the white man in Central Africa.

It is obvious that for a genuine mutuality between individuals there must be something in common. Therefore, the question is whether there is anything beyond material considerations in the relations between the races at the university. At an institution like this there can be no question of group-intermixture, what has to be analysed is whether the individual African can integrate with the individual European. Frankly, from what I saw at the university, they cannot. There is too little social maturity and too much surface bonhomie. The affability seemed a trifle overdone as well as being too patronising. The Africans, in their turn, looked a shade too precocious. There was no absence of goodwill, but the relative senses of humour are so diversified that neither is completely at home in conversation with the other. The extra sensitiveness of the African further complicates the matter. Doubtless students of mixed races can, and do, mix spontaneously in countries where there is no racial animosity. But in Rhodesia the colour complex is almost too complex to penetrate. Nevertheless, in spite of racial antipathy, it did strike me that the acceptance of the African by the European, and (most important) the acceptance of the European by the African, was not confined to the section from England.

Into this fog of complexities then burst Mr. James Johnson, M.P., on his fact-finding tour. Rhodesians do not like visitors whose main motive seems to be to inform local authorities on problems to which they have devoted a lifetime of work, and this visit was no exception. It is also customary for Rhodesians to allege over-bias or misinformation, so Mr. Johnson's reception at the university was watched with much interest. Mr. Johnson must have expected some dissension, and he was not disappointed. Still, he conducted the discussion with much ease and skill, and only once ran into some verbal manhandling from one or two veterans at the back who demanded to know what right Mr. Johnson had to pass judgments when he had only been in the country for a week. Tempers may have been a little strained, but the occasion was at least intelligent until one undergraduate rose and nonchalantly remarked that, if given the vote the African would not know whether to eat it or drink it. This rude and uncouth remark instantly brought the Africans to their feet in horror. If this is typical of his age-group, then the university has much to do in proving to a very disbelieving Rhodesia that partnership can be made to work.

GORDON PHILLIPS

65a Queen's Grove, N.W.8.

A Critical Analysis of Soviet and Communist Policies in Asia will be found in the
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A comprehensive selection from the back issues, most of which are out of print, is to be reprinted in book form, and will be supplied free of charge to new subscribers on application.

CRISIS IN FLEET STREET

SIR,—In Francis Williams' informative article in your issue of May 25 he says it would be better if the present crisis of Fleet Street "would move on to the agendas of the N.P.A., the Newspaper Society, the Periodical Proprietors' Association—and the printing trade unions—all 12, or is it 13 of them?"

So far as this Society is concerned, the problem has been under urgent discussion and review since the closure of the *Yorkshire Observer* and the merger in Birmingham of the *Post* and *Gazette*, which occurred towards the end of last year. Careful attention has been continually given to every aspect of the problem at executive council meetings since that date. Material giving expression to some of our views on these matters has been published in various issues of *Natsopa Journal*.

At their meeting today, in fact, our Executive Council have furthered their inquiries into the rapidly developing situation and have been giving consideration to a resolution for the Trades Union Congress agenda this year which will express some aspects of the policy of our executive on behalf of our members in this regard.

It is, therefore, not true to say, in effect, that no attention is being given to this matter by any of the printing unions.

It can also be said that the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation have had this matter under review but it is for the Federation secretary to express their views on how far they have progressed in this regard.

R. W. BRIGINSHAW,
General Secretary

Natsopa,
13-16 Borough Road, S.E.1.

INDIAN MUTINY

SIR,—Having spent 24 years in India, I have read with great interest Mr. Panikkar's article on the Indian Mutiny. I cannot, however, recognise the picture he draws of the fear generated by the Mutiny among the British in India. It is true that the Mutiny aroused great bitterness and was, as he says, a central fact in Anglo-Indian history. Before the Mutiny, the great men among the company's servants, such as Monro and Henry Lawrence, advocated the policy of associating natives of India with the administration, by making the highest posts in the civil and judicial services and commissions in the army open to Indians. As a result of the feelings aroused by the Mutiny little was heard of that policy for the next 50 years. That was a misfortune both for England and India. But it would not be true to say, at any rate of the United Provinces, where the Mutiny took place, that any sense of fear on the part of the British separated them from Indians. What was indeed remarkable in the earlier years of the century was the complete sense of security in which British officials lived. The year 1907 did not provide any exception to that feeling. Nor were we strangers in India in the sense in which that expression is used by Mr. Panikkar. Besides our close association with the agricultural classes and the landholders ("*jo huzoors*," if Mr. Panikkar pleases to call them so) British officials and others enjoyed many friendships with the growing educated class, who, it may be conceded, wished to see the back of the last British official leaving the Apollo Bunder. It is, I think, a great tribute to Indian character that Indians (Congressmen or not) never let their national feeling interfere with their friendship for individual Englishmen. I and many others spent years of service, associating daily with Indians, without hearing one unkind or discourteous word. It is not insignificant that the founding of the Indian National Congress was largely due to Allan Hume, an official of the United Provinces, who took a notable part in the Mutiny.

13 Kings Bench Walk, L. M. JOPLING
E.C.4.

THE P.E.N.

SIR,—Although thankful for the kind words you wrote in your London Diary about my having mobilised Senator McCarthy in order to recall my "fellow-Dutchmen to their old traditions" of liberty of opinion and of speech, I beg you to take into account that my aim was not purely a national one. The expulsion by our P.E.N. of two members of long standing, a party-communist and a "fellow-traveller," was the first, and as far as I know the only sign till now of witch-hunting in Western Europe by authors against authors. But Dr. van Vriesland, president of the Dutch P.E.N. was for 40 years a man of the left. Suddenly, in his role of inquisitor No. I, he has declared that the International P.E.N. in London, when asked for its approval of his expulsions, has wholly backed them.

If—as we have I think the right to ask the Executive of the International P.E.N.—this is true, the question concerns Western Europe as a whole. For, according to my opinion, what has been a pest in America and has not yet come to an end over there, must be exposed when it shows its hideous head in our Europe.

Kerkstraat 461, H. P. L. WIESSING
Amsterdam C.

DILEMMA OF THE DOCTORS

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Blenkinsop's letter should not remain unanswered. It is obvious from his letter, that he finds it hard to listen to the complaints of general practitioners, which "have so little relation to the facts of today," but I can assure him it is harder to read his letter, whilst you are living a general practitioner's life, which has so little relation to Mr. Blenkinsop's statistics. I am a singlehanded practitioner; my list is over 3,000 patients (far above the average list) and my net income is under £1,700 (far below the average income). My wife and I *are* on a 24-hour all the year round call service and if one of us is not available, we have to find a locum and we have to pay for the locums. Of course the pay is part of the expenses, but even a doctor is not liable to live from his expenses. So we are either underpaid or overworked.

ANOTHER GENERAL PRACTITIONER

ROSE TATTOO FUND

SIR,—Mr. Alan Simpson, producer-director of the 50-seater Pike Theatre in Dublin, is at present on bail on a charge of "producing for gain an indecent and profane performance"—to wit, *The Rose Tattoo*, by Tennessee Williams.

We have launched a fund to assist him to meet the cost of his defence. Offers of assistance will be welcomed if addressed to our offices, and gifts of money should be made payable to "*The Rose Tattoo* Fighting Fund."

SEAN O'CASEY, PETER HALL, JOHN OSBORNE, JOHN GIELGUD, BENN W. LEVY, WOLF MANKOVITZ, GEORGE DEVINE, HAROLD HOBSON
Encore.
25 Howland Street, W.1.

GILBERT MURRAY

SIR,—I wonder how many readers of Mary Scrutton's notice know that Gilbert Murray, apart from his other accomplishments, was also known to be receptive to thought transference? Maurice Jacks, former headmaster of Mill Hill School and now Director of the Department of Education at Oxford, told me that Gilbert Murray once guessed, on no hints at all, the following object which was being projected to him: "Zimmern riding a donkey along the seashore."

26 Ewald Road, DAVID BUTLER
S.W.6.

ROY CAMPBELL

SIR,—I have only just seen Critic's remarks on Roy Campbell, and write at once to protest. I loved the man—his warmth, his laughter, his violence, his contempt for cockneys and half-men and quarter-women, his strength. I admire the poet, our greatest satirist since Dryden. Wyndham Lewis, whom I cared for, too, had no such creative power as exists in *Adamastor* and *Flowering Rifle* and *Talking Broncho*, and in that incomparably amusing last volume of memoirs—as vigorous and humane and full of laughter as Rabelais himself.

I kiss his neif, and love the lovely bully.

Les Rosiers, RICHARD ALDINGTON
Montpellier.

THE S.C.R.

SIR,—A group of members of S.C.R. are endeavouring to change the policy of the Society so that it becomes a body solely concerned with the development of cultural relations free from political propaganda and control by any outside organisation. I have been elected secretary of this group and would like to hear from all members who are actively prepared to support us.

25 Couchmore Avenue, DONALD VEALL
Esher, Surrey.

SUSPENSE

SIR,—Mr. Housley will find a discussion of Conrad's debt to the *Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne* in M. H. Wood's "A Source of Conrad's *Suspense*" (*Modern Language Notes*, 50 (1935), (390-4).

University of Durham, J. C. MAXWELL
King's College,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1.

OLD VIC TOUR

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Worsley's account of the origin of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, in your issue of May 11, is incomplete. The tour of the Old Vic company, so brilliantly led by Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Vivien Leigh, was initiated and arranged by the British Council and Mr. D. D. O'Connor, the Australian impresario, and a notable contribution to the planning of the Trust was made by Dr. Tyrone Guthrie, who went out under the British Council's auspices to advise on the matter.

PAUL REED
The British Council *Information Officer*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Brutal Chivalry

ROBERT SURTEES is a sport, in both senses of the term, who flashes in and out of the English novel, excites hope and reduces the critical factions to silence. He has all the dash, all the partiality and all the prospect of an amateur. There is a rush of air, a shower of rain drops from the branches, a burst of thundering mud, a crashing of hazel, the sight of a pink coat and, as far as the English novel is concerned, he has gone. In that brief appearance he has made the genial suggestion that all the other English novelists have been mistaken; they have missed the basic fact in English life—that we are religious, that our religion is violent sport. The unwritten life of a large proportion of the characters in English fiction is passed in playing or watching games in the open air; nature is being worshipped with the senses and the muscles. We are either bemused by fresh air or are day-dreaming of some lazy, cunning and exhausting animal life in the open. In that condition, our hourly and sedentary habit of worry as a substitute for thought vanishes and we become people in love. It takes an amateur, like Surtees, to see an obvious thing like this and to exaggerate so that the part becomes the whole of English life. He was a north-country squire, an excellent sporting journalist, but handsomely innocent of the future of hunting in England. He really thought that the Industrial Revolution would make the sport democratic. His assumption is that English violence can be appeased only by the horse. He is the final authority on our horse civilisation, and Jorrocks is a sort of Don Quixote of the last phase of a brutal chivalry. *Après moi* (he might have said) *le garage*.

It is natural that hunting people should admire Surtees. It is not surprising that serious literary critics should admire him also. He creates a complete world. It is the world which Fielding's and Thackeray's people knew in their off-stage lives. It has no relation with the feeble sub-culture of horse-lovers, pony-worshippers, or with the gentility of the jodphur that spread over England as the coach gave way to the railway, provoking the cult of the New Forest pony. The natural democrats of England live in the north and, though Surtees was a Tory squire, he sincerely believed that the horse was an insurance against the new, snobbish exclusiveness of the shot-up Victorian middle-class. He imagined, as so many have done before, that class revolutions will not become snobbish and exclusive. Happy pastoral delusion! Surtees did not foresee either the hardness or the sentimentality of the coming urban England. Or, perhaps, he half guessed it. For the point about Jorrocks is that he is (1) not a horse-lover but a fox-lover, (2) that he rides, buys and sells horses, (3) that he has not an aitch to his name. He is, boldly, incontrovertibly, aggressively, in mid-19th-century—a grocer. His fame is that he is not merely a sportsman, but a Cockney sportsman. He has all the trading sharpness and romanticism of a man who sells tea. He is the kind of man whom Meredith would have to escape into romance about: Surtees is content (purposefully content) with the reality. Jorrocks is as vulgar as Keats; and, as a northerner and a gentleman, Surtees refuses to accept the improved accents of the new-rich in the south. He exploits the rich rewards our class system offers to our literature. We are continually supplying a number of vulgar geniuses who stand out against the new snobberies which the Puritan streak in us is liable to create; and, in the case of Surtees, there is the anomaly that a Tory squire provides the vulgar protest. The heir of Jorrocks is Mr. Polly. Both are native protests against the mean and successful revolutions which deny the instincts of genial, sincere and natural men.

Surtees owes a lot to the low side of Thackeray and does seamy society a good deal better. His dialogue is as quick and true as the master's. He extends a robust and native tradition: the masculine strain of English comic writing. This comedy is broad and extraverted. It grins at the pleasures and pains of the human animal—if it is male—and has little time for the female. Occasionally Surtees sees a tolerable female, but very rarely. We need not suppose that he agreed with Jorrocks that a man ought to kick his wife out of bed three times a month, but we suspect this was only because he regarded the act wistfully as an ideal unfortunately unattainable. The fact is that our comic extraverts are like Mr. Sponge and bring a horse-dealer's eye to the consideration of women—"fifteen two and a half is plenty of height" for them. In its male world, the comic tradition likes the misfortunes of the body, the bruises, the black eyes, the drinking sessions, the gorging at table; prefers the low to the refined, the masterful and unreasonable to the sensitive and considerate. There is a strong regard for the impossible element in human character, for the eccentric and the obsessed. The brutes have their engaging moments. (They give the right kind of girls half a dozen smacking kisses.) But their transcendent emotions emerge in another direction. Jorrocks will quarrel with his huntsman, Pigg, but be reconciled, to the point of embracing him, at the kill. These people are dedicated. They will suffer anything from drowning upwards for their sport. They will experience an ecstasy which goes beyond the animal into the poetic. And, in the meantime, they will rollick. Thoroughly non-Puritan, they understand that the life of animal pleasure is the life of animal dismay and they accept it. What these writers in the masculine comic tradition dwell on is the variety of human character. They know that action brings this out and, with a kind of mercy, they will forgive anything so long as action, not introspection, has revealed it.

Mr. Aubrey Noakes has written a good brief appreciation of Surtees*. It does not add to earlier studies, but it does bring out the importance of his experience with the law and his adventures in politics. Mr. Noakes also goes into the interesting reluctance of the Victorians to take to him until Leech illustrated his novels. On the one hand, Surtees was a man of the 18th century—hence Thackeray's understanding of him; on the other, he was an amateur who dealt almost entirely with background figures, the great Jorrocks excepted. He was deeply knowing about English sporting life, the squirearchy and the law, but he did not construct the melodramas and elaborate plots of the other Victorian novelists, nor did he issue their moralisings. He often excelled them in the recording of ordinary speech and day-to-day incident. He is fresher than the masters, but he is artless. A good deal of his humour is the humour of shrewd sayings which, later on, we find in Kipling. His original contribution is in the field of invective. Surtees has a truly Elizabethan power of denunciation. Here is Jorrocks loosing off to his servant:

> "Come hup, you snivellin', drivellin' son of a lucifer-match maker," he roars out to Ben who is coming lagging along in his master's wake. "Come on," roars he, waving his arm frantically, as, on reaching Ravenswing Scar, he sees the hounds swinging down, like a bundle of clock pendulums into the valley below. "Come hup, I say, ye miserable, road-ridin', dish-lickin' cub! And give me that quad, for you're a disgrace to a saddle, and only fit to toast muffins for a young ladies' boarding school. Come hup, you preter-pluperfect tense of 'umbugs. . . . Come on, ye miserable, useless son of a lily-livered besom-maker. Rot ye, I'll bind ye 'prentice to a salmon-pickler."

This is all the more splendid because Jorrocks keeps to the "'ard road" as much as possible, and can't bear taking a fence. He is eloquent, perhaps because he is as cowardly as Falstaff and yet as sincere in his passion. He knows what he wants to be. His is the eloquence of romance. And this is where we come to the Dickensian aspect of Surtees, too. Dickens has several degrees of comic observation. There is the rudimentary Dickens of caricature, of the single trait or phrase turned into the whole man. And there is the Dickens where this is elaborated into soliloquy, in which the character is represented by his fantasy life. Like the rudimentary Dickens, Surtees has the feeling for caricature. *Handley Cross*, *Facey Romford's Hounds* and *Mr. Sponge's Tours* are packed with minor eccentrics of the field, the fancy and the law; but in Jorrocks, Surtees enters upon the more complex study of people who live out the comic orgy. "By 'eavens, it's sublime," says Jorrocks, watching the hounds stream over a hundred acres of pasture below him. "'Ow they go, screechin' and towlin' along just like a pocketful o' marbles . . . 'Ow I wish I was a heagle." A "heagle" he is, in that moment; sublimity is his condition. He has shrewdly built up his pack, he has given his uproarious lectures, he has had his vulgar adventures in country-houses; he has got the better of his betters and has outdone the new rich in vulgarity—making among other things that immortal remark about mince: "I like to chew my own meat"—he has disgraced Mrs. Jorrocks, but he has pursued an obsession utterly so that it has no more to teach him, beyond the fact that it has damaged his credit among the unimaginative in the City. Fortunately, Surtees has given him power of speech. Jorrocks is never at a loss for repartee or for metaphor. He is remarkable in his duels with Pigg, and the only pity is that Pigg's dialect is nearly incomprehensible. But Pigg and his master are well-

* *Horses, Hounds and Humans*. By AUBREY NOAKES. *Oldbourne Press*. 5s.

matched. They battle like theologians about the basic business of life: the pursuit of foxes.

Surtees is a specialist. But he is, to an important extent, outside his speciality. He had strong views about sport. He hated the drunkenness of sporting society and the old squirearchy. He hoped the new age would bring in something better. He was hostile to the literary conventions. His parodies of *Nimrod* show him as an opponent of literary snobbery. He disliked the obsequious regime of servants and the rogueries of the stable, the auctions and the law. It is odd that one so saturated in his world should have seen it all with so fresh an eye. Perhaps he had that morbidity of eye which is given to some men at the end of a period, when they can see things with the detachment which considerable art demands. He was too much the gentleman and amateur to construct a great novel; but he was independent enough and sufficiently instructed by obsession to create in Jorrocks a huge character who could go off and live an episodic life of his own. The Victorians were shy of Surtees's honesty. They were moving away from the notion that there was a level on which all Englishmen could be united. They were building the split-culture of our time. Surtees was trying to save England on the acres of Handley Cross.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Return

We never visit the same city twice. Those words she said
Are useless sesame now that past lies buried
Under the other rubble, out of sight;
Then why all this false pathos for the dead?
Small rooms confine our memories, small cares
We'd packed away are hauled up giddy stairs
To some cheap attic where the skylight
Looked out on to a back street, while the stars
Shone just the same as on another night.
How long ago? I don't know—are you worried?

Through shabby blinds I watched the cold light flaking
On to the tiles, the winter mists descending
Into the river, blurring the ships' horns, breaking
The bleak rows of back-yards; and there in another window
A man's face grew distorted at his shaving.
I wondered if he saw my sometime lover
Wake me with kisses, with her raw lips tending
A wound of time too great. Love's easy for the having
If flesh is flesh, and there's the end of it,
But the heart scars too easily—that I had to learn
As we lay paralysed by cold regret;
Was this the real purpose of my long return,
Was this the ending I must celebrate?

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

Crime Passionel

"Good-bye then," he said, like the very well-bred,
Stalking down the glass stairs.
No two tongues could speak what the blood thought
In that house of ghosts and airs.
Only the words bled.

The heart in the room he left for dead,
The harp with its throat cut, cries
Every daylight comes like a knife,
And he sees through the blinds of his eyes
Love—in a severed head.

J. F. HENDRY

The Case for Hiss

In the Court of Public Opinion. By ALGER HISS. *Calder.* 25*s.*

A full-length book by Alger Hiss about the Hiss case could not fail to be important. I have read every page of *In the Court of Public Opinion* with absorbed interest. Then I have gone back and re-read some of the chapters in order to check them against the hostile versions presented by Alistair Cooke in *A Generation on Trial* and Toledano and Lasky in *Seeds of Treason*. But it is only fair to give warning—any reader who expects this book to be the kind of personal confession which Whittaker Chambers provided in *Witness* is in for a disappointment. What we are given is a presentation—impersonal, precise and at times arid—of the legal case for the defence.

The difficulty of reviewing this kind of book is obvious. Without the possibility of reading and digesting the full text—first of the hearings before the Committee on Un-American Activities, then of the two trials and, lastly, of the two appeals—it is impossible for a lawyer, let alone for a layman, to judge whether the case presented is legally watertight. So we must await the verdict of the first lawyer with the time to collate this book with all the documents in the case. Meanwhile I can only give the impression it made on one self-appointed juryman in that "court of public opinion" to which Alger Hiss has appealed.

When the Committee on Un-American Activities concluded its proceedings, I was indignantly certain that Hiss was the innocent victim of a frame-up. By the end of the second trial, I had been reluctantly persuaded, like most liberal-minded spectators, that he must have taken State Department papers; typed summaries of some of them on the famous Woodstock machine in his house in Georgetown and handed them to his down-at-heel friend, the Communist courier, Whittaker Chambers.

Three things had shaken my faith in Hiss's innocence: first his attempt to conceal that he knew Chambers well when he appeared before the Committee on Un-American Activities; second, the production of the Pumpkin Papers; and third, when the Woodstock was discovered by the defence, the success of the prosecution in showing that the typescript had been typed upon it. Now, however, after hearing Alger Hiss conduct his own defence, I feel that there is certainly a sufficient margin of doubt to justify his demand for a new trial.

In this book sensational new evidence is produced—relating to the Pumpkin Papers and the Woodstock typewriter—which suggests the possibility that he was the victim of a frame-up by the F.B.I. and Chambers. Only after his conviction was it possible for his lawyers and friends to set to work on that battered old machine, which had provided far the most damaging evidence for the prosecution. In this book we learn how they have constructed a forged copy of the Woodstock and thereby demonstrated that it would have been possible to forge the typescripts which seemed to prove Hiss guilty.

Even more convincing is the new evidence about the Pumpkin Papers themselves. Once again an enormously elaborate and detailed analysis (this time, of the procedures used in the State Department for circulating documents and copies of documents) is employed to destroy a vital element in the prosecution case. It was not sufficient for Chambers to prove that he had obtained these documents from the State Department: he had to show that they had been given to him by one man, Alger Hiss. What the new evidence suggests is that most of them could hardly have been obtained from the office where Hiss worked, whereas they could easily have been obtained either from the Trade Agreements Division or from the Far Eastern Division. It had always been a puzzle to me why Hiss handed to Chambers documents initialled by himself and, in four instances, written in his own handwriting. He now shows that what Chambers probably obtained were carbon copies, kept in other Divisions, of papers whose originals were filed in his own office. Here again it is sufficient to show how Chambers *could* have got the documents from someone else to obtain a verdict of Not Guilty.

Hiss has done this. He has also shown, if it needed showing, how the proceedings of the Committee on Un-American Activities outraged legal justice, and how the "trial by newspaper" which accompanied both his court trials frustrated the due process of law, and created an atmosphere in which the jurors who voted for acquittal went for months in fear of their lives. This book gives us not only the case for Hiss, but also the case against the conduct of American justice during the cold war. If justice were the one supreme value, this review would stop here. But the Hiss case has become a great political issue, and it is just as important to establish the truth of what happened as it is to redress an unjust verdict. So in addition to the question whether Hiss was unjustly convicted, we face a second question. Was he innocent?

To this second question Alger Hiss is temperamentally unsuited to give a convincing answer. To judge from this book, he is a lawyer, not merely by profession but by character—tight-lipped and intellectually evasive. In particular he fails to realise that the case he presents on his own behalf concedes to Whittaker Chambers most of his *political* indictment. On page 281 Hiss writes,

> Apart from Wadleigh and a source Chambers seems to have had in the Far Eastern Division, Chambers must also have had another *source or sources* from whom he received State Department documents.

So Chambers was right! There really was a spy ring—including New Dealers—in Washington, of which he was the courier! He really did receive hundreds of documents from at least three members of the State Department! According to Hiss, the main thing wrong with the Chambers story was the name of his chief contact: it should have been Julian Wadleigh or A. N. Other, not Alger Hiss. If Dreyfus's defence had been that three other Jewish officers had spied for the Germans, Zola would have been a trifle deflated.

The admission that Chambers was right about the spy-ring has another awkward consequence. Once the main story is conceded, the answer to the second question—whether Hiss was involved—depends mainly on which of the two men we prefer to trust. Chambers is a self-confessed liar and perjurer: Hiss claims to be completely innocent, but seems to have lied in order to conceal his relations with Chambers. If Hiss wants us to believe his story, he must surely be ready to take off his legal mask and reveal what kind of man he was in the 1930s, as Chambers has revealed with appalling candour what kind of man *he* was. In particular, since Chambers accused him of being a member of a Communist ring and named the other members, he must call these men as witnesses. In fact, none of them testified. Surely, then, he will tell us in this book all about his relations with them. But no. Only one, Lee Pressman, is mentioned as denying recently that Hiss was a member of his Communist cell. But that is all. There is not a paragraph or even a line which tells us anything about the man Alger Hiss or his wife Priscilla—how they lived, what they believed in, and how well they knew these men whom Chambers named. This is how Hiss prefers to treat the subject:

> I had known all but one and in varying degrees of casualness or closeness. One was a friend of long standing: the others whom I had known were professional associates. In answer to the questions I repeated that I had no basis for knowing whether these men were or were not Communists.

In conducting his own defence, Hiss has decided not to put himself in the box. This may be legitimate enough for a defendant in a court of law, but in the court of public opinion it is terribly damaging. Can it be, I ask, as I close this remarkable book, that Hiss was *neither* innocent *nor* justly convicted?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New Novels

The Hunters. By JAMES SALTER. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The World's Game. By HUGH THOMAS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15s.

The Thing Desired. By LALAGE PULVERTAFT. *Secker & Warburg.* 16s.

The hunters of Mr. Salter's title are the American jet-fighter pilots of the Korean War; his theme:

> You lived and died alone, especially in fighters. Fighters. Somehow, despite everything, that word had not become sterile. You slipped into the hollow cockpit and strapped and plugged yourself into the machine. The canopy ground shut and sealed you off. Your oxygen, your very breath, you carried with you into the chilled vacuum, in a steel bottle. If you wanted to speak, you used the radio. You were as isolated as a deep-sea diver, only you went up into nothing, instead of down. . . . You were alone. At the end, there was no one you could watch. You could call out to them, as he had heard someone call out one day going down, a pitiful, pleading "Oh, Jesus!" but they could touch you not.

Man alone in a machine in the air: as an exposition of the *mystique* of flying, *The Hunters* can only be compared with the work of St. Exupéry, and Mr. Salter does not come badly out of the comparison. What gives the novel its especial interest is the contrast between the *mystique* and the values in this instance in which it exists. They are prep school values. Rank scarcely counts; teamwork is paid lip-service only: what matters is successful pot-hunting. The enviable man, the publicised hero, is he who shoots down the most MIGs.

Mr. Salter's hero, Clem Saville, comes into this world after years of experience as a jet-flying-instructor, almost too old for combat flying himself. In a sense, he represents the traditional military virtues of discipline and responsibility to which the rampant individualism of jet-warfare is opposed. The MIGs are hard to find, and for months he has to suffer the ignominy of failure and the accompanying imputation of irresolution in face of the enemy, while younger and less scrupulous men collect the glittering trophies. And all the time, the desire to get his MIG gnaws at him obsessionally. In the end, he kills his Moby Dick—and disowns the achievement in order to save a dead pilot's reputation.

The power of this novel comes from its author's complete concentration on his theme. It is the rendering, as Ford said of Conrad's novels, "of one embroilment, one set of embarrassments, one human coil, one psychological progression", and the embroilment is that of a man who is convincingly shown as honourable and civilised. There is no dissipation of energy or scene; and the slight love-interest is there only to illuminate the intensity of the hero's obsession.

In these Laodicean times, Mr. Hugh Thomas's *The World's Game*, a first novel, is a book to be thankful for. It is witty, extremely intelligent, and fused by a nicely controlled moral anger which makes it a bomb of a book, a bomb which rips out the facade of the Foreign Office. Mr. Thomas's Simon Smith, a young man of unfashionable idealism—he actually believes in progress—works in the Third Room of the Soviet Relations Department; for him, until he is disillusioned, diplomacy is not a game but a purposeful activity. When he is disillusioned, he resigns from the service in order to join the army of Israel, which is on the eve of war with Egypt in circumstances that recall those of Republican Spain during the Civil War.

Where Mr. Thomas excels is in demonstrating what may be called the closed circuit of the Foreign Office, the self-contained world inhabited by blinkered intelligences that are all the more dangerous for being formidable, intelligences caught up in ritual behaviour that has no relation to reality, occupied, for instance, in working out, with a complete absence of emotional engagement, plans for a Disarmament Conference which, it appeared, no one believed would have any

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success; indeed, the people most concerned would have been staggered had it been suggested that disarmament would ever actually come about, or even be brought nearer, as a result of the forthcoming conference.

Mr. Thomas takes us into the meetings of the Disarmament Conference, and there is a brilliant passage describing the consternation and horror that strike the Western delegates when the Russians accept their proposals.

As a novel, *The World's Game* has its weaknesses. Simon Smith scarcely comes alive, it seems to me, except as a stalking-horse for his creator. But the subsidiary characters are well drawn, and admirably caught in their conversations. *The World's Game* is an extraordinarily effective criticism of an important section of the contemporary British Establishment, and much of its effectiveness is due to the coolness and urbanity with which Mr. Thomas lays bare frivolity and exposes shams.

With Miss Pulvertaft we are back in the New Victorianism in fiction: behind *The Thing Desired* one senses the presence, in this instance wholly benign, of Mr. Angus Wilson, the Wilson of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. The comparison must not be pushed too far, but like Mr. Wilson's novel, *The Thing Desired* is an attempt to capture something of the expansiveness of the nineteenth-century fiction, with its contrast of scenes and variety of characters. After so many tight little well-made novels one can only applaud. There are dangers, though. Just as in *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* we had Sairey Gamp at second-hand, so in *The Thing Desired* we have a new version of the Brothers Cheeryble, no more convincing than their originals. And then expansiveness may be got at the cost of depth: I thought Miss Pulvertaft more successful in her separate episodes than in her exploration of the theme underlying them. the heroine's realisation of "how many things people disguised under the name of love." Adam Chard, the great writer at the centre of the novel who is a vampire in personal relations, seemed to me to amount to no more than a moral monster. But this is a vigorous and varied novel with some excellent scenes—the private commercial college in which the admirably spikey heroine teaches is first-rate—and with a number of minor characters drawn with great fidelity and that charity which is always so impressive in a novelist. *The Thing Desired* may be only partly successful, but it is enough of a success, taken with the degree of ambition it displays, to suggest that Miss Pulvertaft may become a major woman novelist of our time.

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"Lays open the Foreign Office as neatly as a chef slicing off the wing of a chicken." (*Yorks. Post*)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Pantagruel Imprimatur

Doctor Rabelais. By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Sheed & Ward.* 21*s.*

The infant Gargantua was soothed into an ecstasy by the rattling of wine-cups. For the true Rabelaisian almost any page of the four books will procure the same sort of ecstasy, a falling out of oneself into a world of enormous mockery, nonsense, fantasy and enjoyment. Legend has always held that Rabelais was a mixture of Friar John and Panurge, a runaway monk who wandered through France robbing, rioting, wenching and doing a bit of doctoring in the intervals. Drawing on the sober facts assembled by an army of French scholars, Mr. Wyndham Lewis presents him as a very nearly respectable rising bourgeois of the Renaissance who happened to be a comic genius. Rabelais did indeed quit his Franciscan monastery under the patronage of Bishop D'Estissy of Maillezay who obtained for him a transfer to the Benedictine order and a papal dispensation from his vows of poverty and obedience. He moved up into the service of Cardinal Jean de Bellay and accompanied him to Rome in the embassy sent by Francois I to delay the excommunication of Henry VIII. As physician and secretary to Guillaume de Bellay, Governor of Piedmont, he was present at his sovereign's meeting with the Emperor Charles V at Aigues-Mortes. The Sorbonne condemned his first three books for obscenity and the fourth for heresy, but on each occasion this official censorship was quashed by a royal imprimatur. There can be no doubt that Rabelais was capable of an impressive facade of *gravitas*. But there are those strange disappearances between one scene and the next when he slipped out of all human memory, the most puzzling being for the last two year of his life. Mr. Wyndham Lewis allows that he was "restless."

It is sad that almost nothing personal was ever recorded. Was he, like those rare Rabelaisian scholars one knows at Oxford, a man apparently without a private life? It was an age of the Public Face. Even here he has not been well attested except in a surprisingly sardonic portrait. For the impact of his personality one must go to his books. Lately it has been the fashion to take them seriously and to see the Doctor as an important Protestant or at any rate a giant shadow of the medieval mind overlapped by the New Learning. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who is a pious Roman Catholic, will have none of this. Rabelais, he says, was a liberal agnostic born before his time, not anti-Catholic but unspiritual. His prime topic, the general beastliness of monks, was the reaction of a man thoroughly unsuited to the monastic life who had been thrust into it; as an unseemly, but never heretical, priest he was treated with a laxity that was soon to be happily restrained by the Counter-Reformation. His Evangelical moments were a passing fashion that affected even Princess Marguerite; and the anti-Papal rhodomontade of the fourth book was probably introduced by royal command. So Rabelais, never on the Index, remains safe for Roman Catholics to enjoy. As they, like the rest of us, probably open him first in the hope that he will be dirty and find that about a tenth of him is a torrent of obscenity as conducive to lasciviousness as an Atlantic breaker, and that enjoying the rest of him depends, like a taste for Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, on a general affection for the panoply of medieval learning, we must agree that they will take no harm.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis, with certain jolly sallies of his own, and charity to all except Turks, Protestants and infidels, writes a richly learned and entertaining account of the Life and Times that is biased but very seldom naive. As an honest cod (but of course not a pockified blade) who has spent a lifetime enjoying the four books he introduces each of them quite delightfully. So I am sure his rejection of the fifth book springs from a pious belief that too much of it is boring to have been written by the Master rather than from the fact that it is more rancorously anti-Catholic than the others. If he is right it is pleasant to consider that Rabelais could inspire a successor to invent the 127 monosyllabic answers of the Quavering Friars.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

The Mencken Razz

A Carnival of Buncombe. By H. L. MENCKEN. Ed. MALCOLM MOOS. *Oxford : John Hopkins.* 36*s.*

Among his many other activities, the late H. L. Mencken used to contribute a weekly column on the American political scene to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. Some 700 of these pieces piled up in the Twenties and Thirties, hardly any of them reprinted until this book, in which about 70 have been grouped together under various sections, with introductions, glossary and index to fill out the picture. The first article dates from February, 1920, when Mencken was examining the field of presidential candidates (" General Wood is a simple-minded old dodo with a delusion of persecution; Palmer is a political mountebank of the first water; Harding is a second-rate provincial; Johnson is allowing himself to get lost in the shuffle; Borah is steadily diminishing in size as he gets closer to the fight; Gerard and the rest are simply bad jokes "). The last entry, equally merciless, is a post-mortem on the election of 1936 (Mencken had voted for Roosevelt's Republican opponent, in the belief that the New Deal was a " brummage Utopia, fashioned in part out of the idiotic hallucinations of the cow States and in part out of the gaudy evangel of Moscow ").

As these quotations may indicate, Mencken lost his touch in the Roosevelt years, though the famous style remained as gleeful, violent and variegated as ever. As they also suggest, the " obscene farce " of politics appealed to him as an entertainment, a prime example of Americana. " Life in America interests me, not as a moral phenomenon, but simply as a gaudy spectacle. I enjoy it most when it is most uproarious, preposterous, inordinate and melodramatic." For this reason the columns that Mr. Moos has selected wear remarkably well. There are some repetitions; like other pundits Mencken often guessed wrong; but in general his comments are still fresh in every sense of the word. If his victims have dwindled with the perspective of time, they are nevertheless in scale, since Mencken estimated them as comic pygmies in the first place

The comparison that comes irresistibly to mind, as you read through these brilliant bits of invective, is with Bernard Shaw. It is a comparison that has been made more than once, and of course it is only of limited validity. Shaw is both better and worse than Mencken: grander and finer on occasion, but also thinner, scrawnier. There is with him the screech of chalk on the blackboard, the unending lecture of someone who has got a captive audience, where with Mencken you hear instead the rich murmur of the bar-room, the contented gasp as he downs another seidel of Baltimore beer (Prohibition or no Prohibition). But they have a kindred opinionated abundance, a tireless polemical attack, shrewdness mingled with unforced high spirits. Like Chesterton, but like no others in our " prig's paradise " of an era, they can combine clowning and crusading; every paragraph has their own signature.

Yet is there not something wrong with both men? With Mencken as with Shaw the reader's delight is accompanied by uneasiness. With Mencken in particular hilarity becomes a hermetic seal over the emotions. Not moved himself, he does not move others (except in a few fine essays, such as the one on Theodore Dreiser), save to laughter. At his best he is in the great tradition of American humorous journalism, the irreverent, sharply intelligent line of Mr. Dooley and Ring Lardner. It is the necessary antidote to American conformism and pomposity. But when the backdrop changes, as it did in the 1930s? Then the ruthless mockery can seem cruel and irresponsible, the Mencken razz sound like a hardly less blatant equivalent of the Bronx cheer; the torrent of denunciation is suddenly reminiscent of what it sets out to denounce.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

The Economic Challenge

An International Economy: Problems and Prospects. By GUNNAR MYRDAL. *Routledge.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

No one could be better qualified to write this book than Mr. Myrdal, who has been for many years the guiding genius of the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe—the sole effective link between the economies of the West and of the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. *An International Economy* is, in my opinion, one of the most important books published during the past dozen years—a veritable classic of the economics of tomorrow. If it is also in many respects intensely depressing, that is not Mr. Myrdal's fault; nor is he himself prepared to accept the depressing facts of the situation as anything other than a challenge.

Mr. Myrdal's key theme is that the great issue now facing the world is that of lifting the populations of the underdeveloped countries—that is, by far the greater number of the world's inhabitants—to a level of income and economic opportunity equal to that of the relatively few advanced countries; whereas in fact the gap between these two groups of peoples has been, and still is, getting wider than ever because, while population rises most rapidly in the underdeveloped countries, productivity increases much faster in the developed areas. In these latter, Mr. Myrdal agrees, there has been achieved a rapidly increasing condition of national integration, expressed in the institutions of the democratic Welfare State; but, as against this, integration on the national plane has led to growing international "disintegration," as it has involved in each advanced country a growing resort to economic nationalism. This disintegration is leading to a revolt of the less developed countries, whose peoples resent their weak bargaining position in face of the advanced countries; and the world is thus threatened with war that may bring universal disaster.

How, Mr. Myrdal asks, can the world's peoples escape from this dangerous situation? There can be, in his view, no easy escape; for it is entirely unrealistic to expect that the advanced countries will supply, by either gift or loan, any substantial part of the vast capital investment that is needed for the improvement of productivity in the underdeveloped parts of the world. Most of this capital can come only from the underdeveloped countries themselves; and from them it can come for a considerable time only through the process of preventing higher consumption from absorbing the increases in production, so as to make possible a very high ratio of investment to national income despite the urgency of the need for higher living standards. Without such investment the problem is altogether insoluble: even with it there may be no solution unless the growth of population can be effectively checked. Given these two things, the advanced countries can help greatly by adopting measures of international aid and planned investment in the underdeveloped areas. It is of fundamental importance that such aid should be guaranteed not by each advanced

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country acting separately, but under international auspices that will prevent political strings from being attached to it. He therefore appeals for the ending of the cold war, which presents disastrous obstacles in the way of such unconditional aid—above all in the case of the United States, which is bound under any circumstances to be its principal source.

The book is so packed with ideas and proposals as to be impossible to review with any approach to adequacy in a brief space. In addition to these general ideas and precepts it contains much sage advice to the underdeveloped countries concerning the kinds of investment to which they will be wise to give precedence, stressing the need for simultaneous advance in agricultural efficiency and in the creation of labour-intensive forms of industry capable of supplying consumer goods, and also the desirability of much closer co-operation between the underdeveloped countries in order to provide large enough markets for efficient production of such goods. He strongly defends the case for the adoption of protective policies by the underdeveloped countries, and attacks the advanced countries for preaching the universal adoption of non-discriminative policies which, in fact, suit only themselves and work to the disadvantage of the poorer peoples. He urges that, whereas the economic nationalism of the advanced countries runs counter to world interests, this does not hold good for the underdeveloped countries, because anything that will strengthen their bargaining position will make in practice for greater economic integration at the international level.

Mr. Myrdal's book does not deal with the whole world: he explicitly excludes from it any consideration of the Soviet Union or of other Communist countries. His concern is with the so-called "free world"; and the international integration which he describes as his basic "value-loaded concept" is in essence an extension to the international plane of the democratic, equalitarian tendencies which he regards as already accepted in substance, as ideals though not fully in practice, in the Western democracies. The task of bringing about this extension is indeed formidable; it requires a sharp reversal of the existing trend towards a wider and wider discrepancy in living standards. Mr. Myrdal's great achievement is to have stated realistically and without illusions the challenge which must be taken up if humanity is not to destroy the civilisation it has been so successfully building up for a minority of the human race, largely at the expense of the majority, which has been denied its share and has been, and still is, falling further and further behind. His book should be compulsory reading for every politician, and indeed for every person in all countries who feels the call to play a part in bringing nearer that integrated world order which so many profess to desire, but so few are prepared to help forward by measures that run counter to nationalistic notions or to conceptions of racial superiority inconsistent with decent human relations in the awakening world of today.

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Hit and Miss

Democracy in England. By DIANA SPEARMAN. *Rockliff.* 30*s*.

Democracy is a word that should not be allowed out without a keeper. Political emotion has revolved round it for the last two hundred years, the only change being that once the most advanced would insist that he was not a democrat and now the most reactionary insists that he is. Philosophers have been trying to define it since the days of Aristotle. Now we have decided that it is all a matter of taste. Democracy is the form of government that we happen to like. A system which does what the people want is democratic; so is a system which rules for their supposed good. Liberty of the individual is democratic; and so is the tyranny of a majority—or even of a minority if it chooses to regard itself as enlightened. One-party rule is a people's democracy; and two-party rule is western democracy. That seems enough confusion to be going on with. Yet there is a tiny touch of reality lurking in the background. Democracy is the homage which men with power pay to those without it; and that is better than no homage at all.

Mrs. Spearman is concerned to discover how England became a democratic country in the hope that this may explain what our form of democracy amounts to. Starting in the dear old days of the eighteenth century, she has no difficulty in showing that liberty came first in this country and that democracy was very much an after-thought. Her enthusiasm for the classical constitution has only been outdone by the late Sir William Holdsworth, though she manages to be consistently fair to the early reformers. Without claiming to be herself an historian, she turns to good use what the dust cover rather grandiosely calls the result of "specialised research." Her book can be read with profit as far as the first Reform Bill, or even the second. Thereafter it becomes increasingly sketchy—the fault, no doubt, of the specialised historians as much as of the author. The victory of democracy in England (so far as it has won) is a more complicated story than Mrs. Spearman makes out—more conscious and also more contested.

This historical survey is an introduction to Mrs. Spearman's real task—the examination of the present. She makes one good point. The nineteenth century concentrated on individuals. We are back at the eighteenth-century concern with interests. Trade unions, limited companies, professional associations, co-operative societies are considered; the individual is disregarded. Political freedom means freedom for the parties, as though either of them had a monopoly of sense—or even a touch of it. The greatest gap in Mrs. Spearman's argument is her failure to understand the problem of economic freedom. She seems to think, as Chesterton did, that only a man with property of his own can defy the great organisations or the state. Her hero is Commander Marten; mine is the Bellman. I am quite ready to join in applauding the victory of Crichel Down. But I wonder whether Mrs. Spearman is enthusiastic for the shop-steward who defies industrial organisation and trade union rules. Freedom would be in a more cheerful state in this country if wealthy conservatives were having a whip-round to support the shop-stewards. This is not Mrs. Spearman's solution. Her book reaches its climax in a plea for a reformed House of Lords with "as little election as possible." When we are presented with a House of Lords, however constituted, as the guardian of liberty, we are inclined to exclaim with Mme Roland: "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Cloistered Virtue

A Time to Keep Silence. By PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR. *Murray.* 15*s*.

> Compline with *qui cisternas*
> *Exsurge* with the lark
> The novice *ad lucernas*
> The old monk in the dark. . . .

So John Meade Falkner sang in his poem *Cistercians*. Like Falkner and unlike Milton, Mr. Leigh Fermor commends a fugitive and cloistered virtue. In this delightful book (it is all too short, barely a hundred pages) he has written an account of his travels to three monasteries—the Benedictine Abbey of St. Wandrille, near Rouen, Solesmes and La Trappe, and added a description of the rock monasteries of Cappadocia. His book is not only an admirable piece of travel writing; it is also a brilliant piece of human exploration. As usual, Mr. Leigh Fermor shows a conscious determination to write good prose. This has now become such a dying art that, in comparison with the portable typewriter style in which most travel books are couched today, his prose style sometimes seems a shade over-mannered. His harmonies have a Huxleian ring.

In spite of Thomas Merton's recent effusions, none of us can hope to know the secrets of the conventual life at first hand, and Mr. Leigh Fermor makes no particular claims to special knowledge. On the other hand, he has had a long experience of the guest-house and has been in the habit of enjoying monastic hospitality from time to time for purposes of work and retirement. His vignettes of Wandrille and Solesmes are limpid and affectionate but la Grande Trappe is another matter entirely: here the rigours of religion are enforced *à l'outrance*. As Mr. Leigh Fermor says: "compared with the Trappist horarium" life with the Benedictines is the mildest *villeggiatura*:

> A special deaf-and-dumb language for cases of necessity has been evolved and codified, and the entire lifetime of a laybrother, who does not participate in the singing of the offices, may pass without the uttering of a word beyond the confessional or his spiritual consultations with the Abbot. A monk on the point of death is removed from his infirmary bed and laid across a bed of straw which is scattered over a cross of ashes. There, after the last ghostly comforts in the presence of the assembled monks, he expires. His body is exposed for a while in the church. No coffin is used at his burial; his face is covered by his hood, and he is lowered into his grave with his habit folded about him. His fellow monks, one by one, throw in the earth, and withdraw.

In a few telling pages Mr. Leigh Fermor supplies us with an excellent portrait of the dreadful Abbé de Rancé, a small-scale Loyola, though without St. Ignatius's sweetness of character. He makes our flesh creep with the Rancé legend and its aftermath of baleful old wives' tales:

> According to a rumour widespread in France, Trappist monks greet each other daily with the words: *Frère, il faut mourir*, and a mythical agendum in the duties of a monk is the digging of his own tomb, a few spadefuls a day. Another legend represents all Trappists as the authors of atrocious and undetected crimes, preferably the murder of their fathers and mothers, for which only the long penance of Trappist life can atone. Most sinister of all is the theory that the marshy country in which Cistercian monasteries are usually situated is chosen so that the vapours of the swamps may speed their inhabitants to an early grave. Even the name encourages such fables: the unwary traveller advances, the Trappe swings open, he drops into the dark, he is caught. . . .

Though he is not in any sense a believer, Mr. Leigh Fermor's book is so full of wisdom and good sense on the cloistral life that I wish he would now go on and give us a really long study of monasticism, written from his own highly original standpoint.

JOHN RAYMOND

Gramophone Records

THE American company RCA, which has for many years hidden its light in this country under the label of HMV, has switched to the Decca group and has now for the first time issued records in its own uniform. At the head of this first release stands a Toscanini recording of *Aida*. The performance opens with a curious feeling of unease. The orchestral playing is wonderfully fashioned but overtaut, while the singers sound hesitant and nervous. But by the time that we reach the great ceremonial scene in the second act hypertension has subsided into prodigious excitement, and from then on Toscanini proceeds to give one of the most spell-binding performances he ever put on record. Like no other conductor he unlooses the elemental force that lies at the heart of Verdi's music. It is not merely that great orchestral outbursts, such as those that accompany Amonasro's upbraiding of Aida and her cries for mercy, thunder out with an unparalleled dramatic impact, but that tiny details, such as the *pizzicato* chords which underlie Radames's resigned "Morir! si pura e bella" are placed so utterly precisely that they seem to illuminate the whole rhythmic current of the phrase and lend it a new degree of musical meaning.

But this is very much Toscanini's *Aida*. Even when the singers' nerves subside they remain a mediocre bunch compared to the casts assembled in the Callas and Milanov recordings. Here is the greatest conductor of Verdi the world has known, and the last direct link with the composer himself, provided with singers in the main inferior to those that have been filling the Stoll in recent weeks. Nor is the recording a credit. Its canned quality is perhaps a little less obtrusive in the latter half of the performance, but the balance is sometimes appalling, as when the two flutes that softly announce Aida's entry in the Nile scene blare out like a regimental band.

Fortunately there is compensation to be found in at any rate one of two discs issued by HMV and entitled "Toscanini and Verdi." One side of this contains a really fabulous performance of the last act of *Rigoletto*. The handling of the score is as magnificent as you would expect. The manner in which what some people still disdainfully term the barrel-organ accompaniments are played in itself refutes the silliness of the sneer; and the way in which Toscanini launches into the trio "Se pria ch'abbia il mezzo la notte" is hair-raisingly exciting even by his standards. For once he is here more than adequately served by his singers. As Gilda, Zinka Milanov is on the very top of her form, Leonard Warren, Jan Peerce, Nan Merriman and Nicola Moscona all sing well, and the recording is quite passable. The other side of this disc is less exciting and contains the additional ballet music for *Otello* and the *Hymn of the Nations*, which even Toscanini's advocacy fails to reveal as anything but dull rhetoric. Nor is the other disc of the pair so interesting. It contains performances of three overtures, of which *La Forza del Destino* comes off best, an aria from *Luisa Miller*, the great chorus, "Va pensiero," from *Nabucco*, taken at an ambling tempo that is musically convincing but that overtaxes an indifferent choir, and the famous trio from *I Lombardi* in a performance that, at any rate vocally, is not to be compared with earlier recordings. Apart from the *Forza* overture, reproduction is indifferent.

HMV have issued a tremendous performance of *Fidelio*, given by Toscanini in 1944. Once again it is a matter of a very poor recording, with the prisoners' chorus so far in the background that it is often virtually inaudible. If the cast is not really distinguished, it is at any rate much more competent and confident than that in *Aida*. Even so, it is dwarfed by Toscanini. The vitality of the whole thing is prodigious, yet underlying all that very Beethovenian fierceness there is no lack of humanity. For instance, the woodwind and horn chords at the opening of the dungeon scene emerge as great cries of anguish. Self-evident? Yet I know of no other conductor who unleashes such intensity of suffering in this passage. Again and again one seems to be listening to the music for the first time, with small neglected phrases suddenly assuming their true significance and yet always shown in their relationship to the whole The sides are long so that on two discs room has been found not only for the whole opera but for an overwhelming performance of Leonora No. 3.

In Gluck's *Orpheus*, as in almost all eighteenth-century music, Toscanini was clearly less at home. There are, of course, exciting things in an HMV disc containing the second act. But although Gluck certainly sought dramatic power, it has here somehow to be coupled with classical repose, and there is little tranquillity in Toscanini's Elysian Fields. Nan Merriman sings decently but is not at her best. The recording is indifferent and this is particularly noticeable because the performance is not compelling. HMV have also recently issued fine accounts of Cherubini's *Requiem Mass in C minor* and Saint-Saens's *Symphony No. 3* in the same key. Both works are neglected, but whereas even a good recording and a beautifully conceived performance by Toscanini cannot conceal the *longueurs* of the symphony, admirably written though it is, the great conductor infuses new life into the Mass. But the recording is only fair, and the basses of the Robert Shaw Chorale do not always sustain their part effectively. The orchestra in all these recordings is the NBC, which was formed for Toscanini and was disbanded after his retirement (subsequently to re-emerge as the Symphony of the Air).

HMV have also issued a disc containing *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Tod und Verklärung*. In the field of Strauss symphonic poems there is, however, the fiercest competition, and in the case of *Till* it comes from the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner on RCA. Toscanini underlines the sardonic aspect of the music but his approach is a bit tight-lipped. Reiner is more easy-going and humorous, yet he manages to combine this with immense brilliance and excitement. Under his baton the VPO seems to acquire all the technical virtuosity of a great American orchestra and yet to preserve its characteristic grace and warmth. The result is a superb performance, superbly recorded. (There is also a new Nixa disc on which *Till*, backed by *Don Juan*, is exceedingly well handled by Artur Rodzinski, but the orchestral playing is quite unable to match that of its competitors.

When it comes to *Tod und Verklärung*, choice is harder. Reiner is much less authoritative here. The sheer quality of the playing and the recording is absolutely first-rate and the final climax is immensely powerful. Yet somehow one takes the music for granted in a way that Toscanini never

VOX

RICHARD STRAUSS

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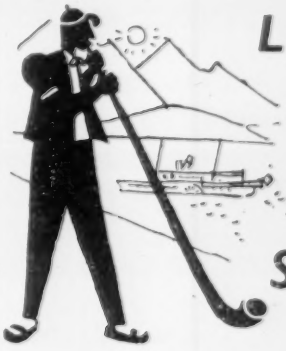

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for a moment allows. With him everything is wonderfully defined and purposeful, but the recording is hard and the performance almost too highly charged. On a ten-inch Philips disc, backed by *Don Juan*, Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra approach the work with romantic ardour and an inadequate recording. My own choice goes by a short head to Hans Knappertsbusch and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra on an excellently recorded Decca disc. Accented chords don't crash out with the excitement Toscanini gets, and the French players don't have the sheer opulence of sound of the Viennese. But the whole performance is imbued with great distinction and beauty of detail, and within Knappertsbusch's broad tempi the work is given an impressive sense of cohesion. Although the woodwind playing is excellent (notably the oboes), this is not a virtuoso performance, but it serves the music more surely than its more glittering rivals.

None of the three *Don Juan* performances on the backs of these records is quite first class. On the ten-inch Philips with *Tod*, Walter is efficient enough but tears through the music as though he had no stomach for it.—On Nixa with *Till*, Rodzinski opens with great fire and the slower sections are most poetic; but in spite of a good recording, the orchestral playing is never sufficiently lucid and the strings of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London sound ill-nourished. On Decca Knappertsbusch starts with an absurdly ponderous tempo that by no stretch of the imagination could be termed *allegro molto con brio* and the brass is harsh and forward. Nonetheless it is in the main an admirably lucid, warm and *felt* performance. Thus to summarise: if in the first place you want *Till Eulenspiegel*, take Reiner, if *Tod und Verklärung* with *Don Juan* Knappertsbusch; and if *Tod* backed by *Till*, then Toscanini.

DGG have issued an opulently recorded *Sinfonia Domestica*, played well, but not outstandingly so, by the Saxon State Orchestra under Franz Konwitschny. I still prefer Krauss's performance on Decca. Inge Borkh's singing of the closing scene from *Salome* on a well recorded Decca disc is indisputably good. Yet there is some lack of personal magnetism or character in the voice, so that it never lingers in the mind as Welitsch's does across the years. The Vienna Philharmonic under Josef Krips provide an excellent accompaniment, but it is surely penny foolish to omit Herod's cry, "Man töte dieses Weib." The disc also contains Beethoven's great concert scene "Ah, perfido," in which Miss Borkh opens strongly but later tends to become a bit unsteady. Her performance of "Ozean! du ungeheuer" from *Oberon* is competent, not memorable.

The two finest scenes from *Elektra*, those with Klytämnestra and Orest, are joined on a rather podgily recorded DGG disc. Christel Goltz's voice sometimes sounds frayed in its middle register, and at best it is scarcely an attractive organ, but her singing has undeniable dramatic force. A more impressive performance comes from Elizabeth Höngen. In itself her voice is a bit pinched and at times unsteady, but the way she uses it to draw a subtle and frightening portrait of Klytämnestra is at once imaginative and musical. Solti's conducting of the Bavarian State Orchestra is adequate, but one has only to turn to Beecham's old SP performance of the Orestes scene to see how lacking it is in fire and rhythmic excitement.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,422

Set by Red Setter

Mary Cowden Clarke wrote *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, but his heroes' earlier days are a closed book. The usual prizes for an extract from the youthful life or diary of any *male* Shakespearean character. Limit, 100 words; entries by June 11.

Result of No. 1,419

Set by Guy Henriques

The usual prizes are offered for twelve lines of Chaucerian verse describing the Angry Young Clerke of Oxenford.

Report

"Sire Clerk of Oxenford," oure Hooste sayde,
"Ye ryde as coy and stille as dooth a mayde
Were newe spoused, sittynge at the bord;
This day ne herde I of youre tonge a word"

The gulf between this gentle philosopher and our Angry Young Man is so enormous that parody and riposte came fast and rollicking. The less venturesome competitors could stick close to the original, and yet bring in fresh ideas:

His twenty bokes were clad in red and pink,
And Pengwynes were, and second hande, I think.
(Judith Robinson)

Himselfe as hooly martir he did seke
(Pug)

And though we dailye heard his mourneful spout,
We ne'er knew what he was so vext about;
Him-selve he had swich pitie for his lotte,
He needed none of ours, and none he gotte.
(Stanley J. Sharpless)

Most of the Clerks were type-cast as Jimmy Porter, but a few Colin Wilsons and Lucky Jims crept in. A brand new note was struck by Edward Choppen—

A Clerke ther was of Oxenford also
That wolde to Silverstone a-racynge go;
But he hadde got ne single drop of juis
For that no schippe coud pass the Arabian Sluis.

Three guineas to C. A. Paris, two to E. S. Lewis; a guinea to Norman Page. Commended: W. G. Wootton, Bird, D. E. Harrison, Jennifer McWilliam, David Butler, Robert Wells, Gloria Prince and William Anthony.

A yonge CLERK ther was of OXENFORD,
That hadde ywrit in anger many a word.
Dischevele, in a swettre, was he set;
Him thoghte he wrote al of the newe jet.
If evere on the toryes he gan thinke,
So wroth was he, I gesse he wold see pinke.
Agayn the posshe his byrow wold he shake;
For he nas nat a snobbe, I undertake.
Evere he rood the foremoste of our route;
Than, lokyng bakke in coler, he wold shoute,
"Bishrewe ye, bicched burgeys, blowted toffes!"
Yet wer we enterteyned by his skotfes.
C. A. PARIS

Thilke jangler Clerke forpined is with splene
For that his fortune is bot poure and lene.
Maugre hath he ne catel, gold nor londes
Ful lothe he is to swinken with his hondes,
Bot spitteth filth and venim likke an adder
And blemeth al his wos upon his fader.
Thusse doth he walwe, manacing the pees,
To lernd for laboure, and to shent for ese.
Unkempt, unchaste, unshriven and untrewe
Thike sory hero yoxeth into view,
Newfangle Godde of sély swine, ywis,
Slie spawn and sequele to some grete Amis.
E. S. LEWIS

A CLERK there was, in dress not over-nyce;
Methought his next companion twyes or thryes
Feyned sleep, some respyt from his tongue to gayn:
Yet still his speche continued, sooth to seyn.
Ful bilious was his humour, and to bite
The hand that fed him was his cheef delite.
Well lovèd he to scoff at, night and day,
The State that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye.
With lerned dames he vexèd nat his heed,
But held that womman's place is in the bedde;
While all his careful studies gan inspire
Ballads and bokes loking back in ire.
NORMAN PAGE

City Lights

Never the Twain Shall Meet

Sisyphus, Hercules, even Mrs. Partington had a relatively easy time of it. Think of the overwrought Secretary of the Treasury who complained to a congressional committee that "2,800 field agents of the government are pitted in a most unequal contest with more than 45,000 attorneys and tax accountants engaged in aiding clients with their tax reports". Think of our own poor Revenue officials: just as the Commons is arguing over the death duty dodges ruled out by the latest Finance Bill, a new and streamlined method of avoiding profits tax has been awarded a judicial imprimatur. There is an attraction, of course, about the profits tax. Falling unequally on retained and distributed profits, it is forced to distinguish between capital and income in a manner which can be exploited with some elegance.

Pollock and Peel was a Croydon engineering firm whose only shareholders and directors were Mr. and Mrs. Pollock. It was formed in 1942 with a nominal capital of £2,000, and ten years later the capital was increased to £30,000 by a scrip issue out of revenue reserves. In the fol-

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lowing year it went into liquidation. Mr. and Mrs. Pollock formed a new company, which bought the assets of the old business—save £15,000 cash—in exchange for its own shares; the £15,000 left over was then distributed. The business went on (under a new name) with the same shareholders and directors as before: the only difference was that its cash had now been distributed to shareholders and that nobody had paid profits tax on the distribution. The Revenue objected, lost its case, and has now lost its appeal.

The principle involved is delightfully simple. If Pollock and Peel had turned all its assets into cash and distributed them, profits tax would have been payable. If it had passed on all its assets to the new company in exchange for shares, there need have been no question of profits tax. It chose to fall ingeniously between these two stools. The share-exchange ruled part of its assets out of the case, which had to revolve around the remaining £15,000. But it was impossible to tell, once the other assets were excluded from consideration, whether the £15,000 constituted a repayment of capital; even if it did, it fell short of the nominal capital as increased by the scrip issue, and escaped liability.

* * *

The Central Mining saga moves on. Mr. Sam Glazer, apparently undeterred by the strength of the opposition, has come out into the open: he is proposing to make offers of £5 for the Ordinary (they stood at 64s. at the time) and of 30s. for the Preference (against a 24s. offer by the syndicate which now holds 80 per cent. of them). The figures are mouth-watering—the trouble is that Mr. Glazer has not put in a firm bid and wants a good many conditions satisfied before he does. He wants to be sure in advance that the Treasury will let him take Central Mining off to South Africa and that the board will not outflank him by issuing the 4m. new shares they intend to create: even then, his bid is to be "subject to the satisfactory conclusion of Messrs. Glazer Brothers' financial arrangements." The shares are bobbing about nervously.

* * *

The hire-purchase finance houses are feeling more respectable. One of their big grouses for some time has been that the Inland Revenue expects them—unlike their main competitors, the banks and the building societies—to deduct tax from the interest they pay on deposits. This, they claim, makes them lose business: why, for example, should people living abroad and people who pay less than the standard rate of tax go through the bother of claiming back tax?

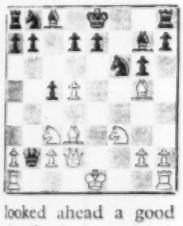
The point at issue seems simply to have been that the Revenue regards banks as dealers in money and their deposits as essentially short-term; hire-purchase deposits, on the other hand, are rather longer-term, interest on them is of an annual nature, and tax must be deducted at source. Once the principle was clear, it was not difficult for the H.P. houses to suggest that it would not apply to money accepted on deposits terminating within the year. The Revenue reluctantly agreed, and the houses are now busy concocting new deposit schemes which they hope will attract a wider selection of customers. The essence of them all is a contract for definite repayment of the deposit within a year; if the customer wishes to carry on, as he normally will, he will have to close the old account and start a new one.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 394. Hook, Line . . .

". . . and sunk," for this is what usually happens as soon as the bait is taken. Here is an unusually interesting case of someone imagining himself the fisherman rather than the poor fish about to be caught. Black rightly suspected that his opponent considered his QKtP to be "poisoned," in as much as its grab by the Black Q might lead to the lady's grievous embarrassment. But Black had calculated his risk (or so he thought), and he took the P, joyfully anticipating (1) R-QKt1, Kt x P; (2) R x Q, B x Kt. That was the very bait held out by White (R. Reti) who had looked ahead a good deal farther. He didn't take the Q, the sequel being (2) Kt x Kt!!, Q x R ch; (3) K-B2, Q x R; (4) B x KP! P-Q3; (5) B x QP, Kt-B3; (6) B-Kt5, B-Q2; (7) B x Kt, P x B; (8) Q-K2 ch, resigns.



To show that a grandmaster can do some pretty efficient baiting, hooking and catching even when under extreme time pressure, here's a case in point. /r5k1/ r4p1p/ 1pq1p1p1/ 3p4/ PP1QlP2/ R1P5/ 6PP/ R6K. It's a story Paul Schlensker (in *Schach-Echo*) told against himself. Black against Unzicker, he had put up a stubborn defence and his prospects for a draw seemed reasonable enough, the more so since his famous opponent had only a minute left for his next eleven moves. The wily grandmaster played (1) P-R3 and Schlensker, rather than make some non-committal move, let himself be tempted to take the bait . . . R x P; (2) P-Kt5!! R x R; (3) R x R, Q-Kt2; (4) R x R ch, Q x R; (5) Q x KtP, Q-R8 ch; (6) K-R2, Q x P; (7) Q-Kt8 ch, K-Kt2; (8) Q-K5 ch!, Q x Q; (9) P x Q, and recognising the passed P to be unstoppable Black resigned. Quite a lot to be seen by Unzicker in less than a minute, but he had probably seen it all before, while getting into such terrible time trouble.

Finally, here's the crucial position in the game Flohr-Yanofsky, Groningen 1946. /6k1/ pp6/ 2p1p1p1/ 4P1ktb/ P4q2/ P4rKtP/ 5PQ1/ 4RBK1/. The great Flohr, still at the height of his fame, seemed to be hopelessly lost against his young Canadian opponent. So he threw out a bait by (1) R-Kt1. Black could have ignored the threat to his KtP by simply playing . . . R x RP, threatening a Kt-check at f3, followed by . . .Kt-R5 and . . . B-B6 ch. But Yanofsky timidly played . . . P-Kt3, whereupon Flohr could turn the tables by (2) Kt x B, P x Kt; (3) R-Kt4! Q x KP; (4) P-R4, winning a piece and the game.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black played . . . P x P, expecting immediate resignation. But White calmly offered a draw. How did he live up to it? **B** and **C** are both wins for White and hardly too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by June 11.

A: Josef Krejcik 1912

B: L. B. Salkind 1925

C: Andrew

REPORT on No. 391. Set May 11

A: . . . Kt-B4 (threatening . . . Q-R6) won the Q.
B: (1) P-K7, K-Kt5 ch; (2) K-Kt2, R-K3; (3) R-K2!, RxR; (4) B-K4!, RxB; (5) P-B3 ch, etc.
C: (1) P-R4, K-Kt6; (2) K-B1, K-R7!; (3) P-R5, P-Kt4; (4) P-R6, P-Kt5; (5) P-R7, P-R6! (P-Kt6?); (6) P-Kt3, K-R8!; (7) P Kt!! (P Q?), K-R7; (8) K-B2, K-R8!; (9) Kt-Kt6!, K-R7; 10) Kt-B4 (B8), K-R8; (11) Kt-K6!, K-R7; (12) KtxP, K-R8; 13) Kt-K6, etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. H. Frankland, B. Katz. In the 30th ladder decade C. Allen 1st with 891 points since the 20th in April '55. G. Abrahams, a more sporadic competitor, totted up 877 since starting from scratch after the 13th Decade in July '53; 3rd is C. H. Brown (801) who was among the 16th Decade winners in April '54, and D. E. Cohen has hustled up 765 in the brief span since the 26th last July.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

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Problem of Fluctuating Cocoa Prices

The 58th annual general meeting of Cadbury Brothers, Limited, will be held on June 17 in Birmingham.

In his circulated statement the Chairman, Mr L. J. Cadbury, said that the price of cocoa fell again in 1956, the figure at which they valued their stock at the end of the year being 202s 6d per cwt c.i.f. compared with 252s 6d in 1955. Mr. Cadbury added: The end of the year is about the middle of the buying season of the cocoa crop, and we were again involved in writing down our stock to its market value. This cost was very much less than the figure we had to face last year, and this is reflected in the recovery shown in the Consolidated Profits.

Naturally we do not like having to write down the value of our stocks, but we have to keep the factory supplied with cocoa throughout the twelve months. The only way we can do so with a seasonal crop is to hold a heavy stock while it is being marketed, and for the last two years we have had to do this on a falling market. In the long run, of course, less expensive cocoa is good for us; while the lower prices are being reached, however, it is a costly matter.

Need to Stimulate World Consumption

There is another aspect of lower prices that is important. It is causing considerable concern in the cocoa-growing countries at the moment, particularly in West Africa.

In Ghana the country's economy is largely bound up with cocoa. At 182s 6d per cwt, at which it stood earlier this year, the authorities were in a quandary. In the past the Cocoa Marketing Board has made handsome profits on the difference between the price it has paid the farmer and the price at which it has sold the cocoa after paying the Government export tax. Now, if it is to continue to pay the existing rates of export tax on which the Government depends for its solvency and to maintain the same price to the farmer, it has to operate at a loss. True, it accumulated profits generally estimated at about £90 million at September, 1955, but looking to the future this is not very reassuring.

It is politically embarrassing for the authorities that the return of cocoa to more normal prices should coincide with the grant of self-government. In the last few weeks the price has recovered to about £200; even so, the new autonomous State is worried. It may be tempted to try a restrictive policy, but taking the long view this would be disastrous.

The true solution, of course, is to stimulate world consumption. We recently had a deputation from the Cocoa Marketing Board visit us at Bournville. They were shown the tremendous efforts we had made in this country to encourage the consumption of cocoa products and as a result our very high consumption here *per capita;* higher even than such countries as the U.S.A. We were glad to have an opportunity of putting this important fact to the deputation and to show what opportunities there were for world markets to consume more cocoa.

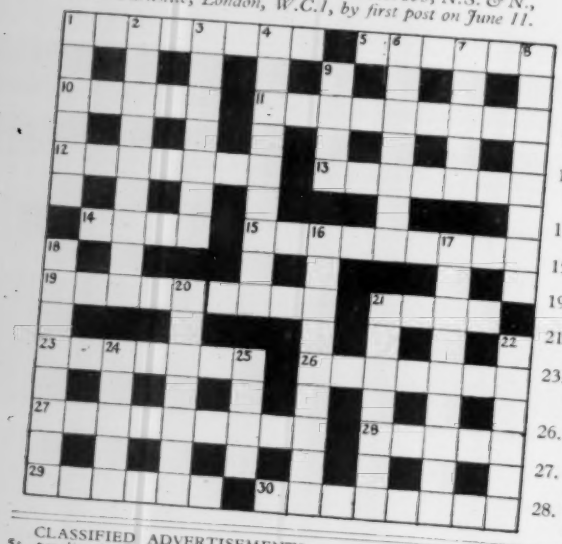
Further Sales Progress

Turning to our sales figures, I am glad to say we can report further progress. We had an increase of 6 per cent in the value of Cadbury home sales, which more than outweighed a decrease of 2 per cent in exports. The total reached nearly £50 million. In terms of tonnage, our slightly lower prices gave an increase of 9.2 per cent. The sales for our group at home and abroad increased to £79.5 million. After paying overseas taxation as well as U.K. Income and Profits Tax of £3.7 million, we are left with a profit of £3.6 million.

In view of the financial circumstances existing in the early part of last year, our development programme was slowed down in certain directions. We have however continued to expand at our Moreton factory in the Wirral Peninsula of Cheshire, also at some of our railhead distribution depots. Our production at Moreton has now grown to nearly 20 per cent of the parent factory, and the plant layout this entirely new factory has permitted continues to give most economical results.

Week-end Crossword No. 253

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 253, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 11.



ACROSS

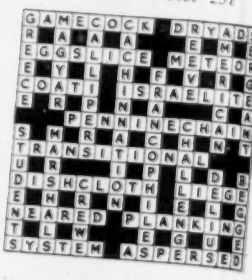
1. Write about tortured cries in an unmade bed (8).
5. River like us about another flowing backwards (6).
10. Nobleman for whom no butler comes back (5).
11. Redbrick novelist has a short period at university for a pipe (9).
12. So I ring madly for the gentlemen (7).
13. He asks awkward questions and he is attended by a variety of clerk (7).
14. The ruler is in if one wants a ruler (4).
15. Mastery of man in code breaking (9).
19. Bird of the south between dark and pale (5, 4).
21. If it is in bed this connection is ignored (4).
23. It takes an ancient town to preserve work in front of us (7).
26. Record which gives a reply in difficult circumstances (7).
27. Prosperous place in France for a statesman (9).
28. Letter of thanks after an article (5).
29. This is *comme il faut* in what to wear for imprisonment (6).
30. Strong man who gives a woman various clues (8).

DOWN

1. Lower the negro camp? (6).
2. Town which gives the south a piece of horseplay on a famous mountain (9).
3. Bitterness spread over most of the king's men (7).
4. Viewpoint for a cockney woman embracing the north? (9).
6. Arab who has a whole people at heart (7).
7. Kind of type for a page on a nobleman (5).
8. Heavenly body and what it does for various small things (8).
9. The irritation of doing needlework without something sharp (4).
16. Television personality for a monastery? (9).
17. "She's Colour-Sergeant of the —— battalion," said Mr. Bagnet (9).
18. Ex-schoolboys are better for being dim (8).
20. Sleepers who are cured
21. Madman ruined in a (7).
22. The service of our ag the television audience
24. More agreeable, though hearted (5).
25. Thin general (4).

SET-SQUAR

Solution to No. 251



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RADIO & ELECTRICAL

retail business of good standing; London; requires (a) T.V. SERVICE ENGINEER (b) ELECTRICIAN (c) TRAINEE for electrical work. Driving experience essential. Good prospects for keen men in efficient unfrustrating organisation. State age and full details of career. Box 2965.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. Candidates must have a special interest and qualifications for teaching Political Philosophy. The salary scales are at present under review, and are expected to be as follows: Lecturer, £900 to £1,650 per annum; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850 per annum. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications must be sent not later than June 15, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained. Overseas candidates may apply by letter (no forms), giving qualifics. and experience and names of 3 persons to whom reference may be made.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INFORMATION Officer Class in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments as Principal Information Officer (about 6), Senior Information Officer (about 20), Information Officer (about 20), Information Officer (about 47) and Assistant Information Officer (about 25) in various Government Departments. Vacancies mainly in London. All the posts call for a good standard of general education, a lively interest in current affairs, and a wide general knowledge. For posts in the basic and higher grades a good publicity sense and organising ability are essential. Some knowledge of Government organisation will be an advantage. In addition candidates are required to have experience, varying in degree according to the grading of the post, in one or more of the following fields: general publicity work, journalism and book and picture editing, exhibitions, documentary films, social research, preparation of reference material, illustration research, advertising, art and design, tours. Salary scales (in London): Principal Information Officer, £1,635-£1,845 (men); £1,508-£1,722 (women). Senior Information Officer, £1,285-£1,530 (men); £1,191-£1,408 (women). Information Officer, £1,055-£1,225 (men); £967-£1,129 (women). Assistant Information Officer, salary on entry ranges from £365 at age 18 to £625 (men) or £605 (women) at age 25, thence rising to £1,000 (men) or £910 (women). Salaries outside London somewhat less. Starting pay above minimum in certain cases. Women's pay where lower than men's being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. 5-day week generally. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 76/57/7; completed application forms should be returned by June 6, 1957.

CHEMICAL Engineers—British Guiana.—Two graduate chemical engineers required for operation of large alumina plant presently under construction. These positions mean getting in at an early stage on a large company with international affiliations and opportunities for advancement are therefore excellent. The alumina plant is an addition to a mining and kiln drying operation situated in a large and pleasant community. Semi-furnished houses of modern construction, staff club, swimming pool, tennis courts with other amenities and benefits available. Prefer married men aged 25-35; top salary and periodic home leaves. Write to Northern Aluminium Co., Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. North Herts Technical College. Principal, F. W. Kellaway, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. Applications are invited for the post of Head of Department of Mathematics, Grade II, vacant through the promotion of the present holder to a Principalship. Salary according to Burnham Scale, £1,400 to £1,600. Duties to be taken up as soon as possible and not later than January 1, 1958. Further particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap env. to Principal, North Herts. Technical College, Letchworth, to whom appls. should be sent by June 15, 1957.

WOMAN Graduate wanted to edit works magazine and to assist in running works library. West London district. Experience of office routine desirable. Apply, giving age, educ. & relevant experience, to Box 2907.

GENERAL Assistant required for despatch department by firm of Fine Art Publishers in West End. Knowledge of figures and typing essential. Box 2892.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT of Uganda. Male Labour Officer, between 30 and 35, required to control conditions of employment, assist in conciliation work, take part in establishment and operation of industrial relations machinery. University degree desirable, but non-graduates with, preferably, some academic qualification relevant to labour problems considered. Experience of administration and organisation, preferably with persons in employment, essential. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary scale £879 to £1,617. Outfit allowance. Quarters at low rental. Free passages, tour of service 30-36 months. Generous home leave. Low Income Tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD.132/9/04. Closing date for receipt of initial enquiries June 21, 1957.

WORKERS' Educational Association. East Midland District. Applications are invited for two posts which will shortly be vacant of tutor organiser for Holland South Kesteven and Leicestershire Rutland. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in subjects appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £700 to £1,050. Maximum under consideration. Applications are also invited for the post of organiser for the industrial area of Nottinghamshire. Degree not essential. Salary scale £550 to £700. Maximum under consideration. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

UNIVERSITY of Southampton. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology or Psychology with Sociology. Salary Scales—Lecturer £900 × £50—£1,350 × £75—£1,650. Assistant lecturer £700 × £50—£850. Appointment may be made at any point on the scale appropriate to the candidate's qualifications and experience. Duties to commence on October 1, 1957. Further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary and Registrar, to whom applications (7 copies) should be sent not later than June 15, 1957.

INTERNATIONAL organisation requires professionally qualified co-ordinator for 2-year survey of mental health problems arising in general hospitals. Hospital and mental health experience essential, languages and editorial ability assets. Salary £800 upwards according to experience. Apply Box 2963.

SECRETARY (temp. poss. permanent), Cotswolds, 20-40; musical; occas. care children; riding/tennis advantageous. Box 2982.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for new handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

YOUNG lady to manage secondhand bookshop. Previous exp. not necessary. Write Peter Eaton, 80 Holland Park Ave., W.11.

INTERESTING position with new Record Co. Knowledge of classical music/shorthand-typing. Write Box 2903.

GERMAN/English bi-lingual shorthand typist required for newspaper. Must be capable of taking dictation in either language. Age 20-30. 5-day week. No Saturdays. Canteen. Pension Scheme. Write Box 2912.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week: more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7374.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Club Leader (woman) wanted in September for resident post in East End of London. Non-resident, part-time might be considered. Apply with references and stating qualifications to the Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, c/o N.L.C.S., Canons, Edgware, Middx.

SECRETARY, 30's, with good educational background for senior partner of professional firm. 5-day wk. Salary £600. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

EXPD. bus. lady (under 40) reqd. in Lady theatre agent's W. End office. View partnership. Low min. expense sal., but no capital reqd. Nash, 20 Aragon Rd., Kingston.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2 (LONdon Wall 4609.)

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE Arts Graduate (39), single, sks. congenial change. Industrial experience. Accounts, Costs, Statistics. Sometime State Scholar, chess half-blue T.U. Branch Chairman & Sec. Not rec. commercial. Box 2627.

BOOK-KEEPER/Office Manager (m.), 40, export exp., fluent German, seeks interesting post. Salary reqd. £700. Trustworthy & reliable. Refs. Box 2902.

YOUNG lady (German) studied Art & Languages, interested Journalism; any suggestions? Box 2650.

RESPONSIBLE Sec. Sh./typ. with exp. Medical, Legal, Commercial, cashier, P.A.Y.E. and Personnel would prefer the rough & tumble of human problems to a cosy job involving only paper work. Box 2119.

SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Edward Wilshaw Post-graduate Exhibition. One Exhibition, of the order of £200, but the amount to be determined in each case by the applicant's merits and circumstances, will be offered each year from a fund founded by Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G., D.L., LL.D., F.C.I.S., J.P. The Exhibition is open to graduates of this and other universities who wish to prepare themselves for careers in business administration and management and who propose to read for the Graduates' Commerce Diploma in business administration. Applications (two copies), including the names of two referees should be sent by June 15, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Birmingham, 15.

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BROOMBANK School, Selsey, Sussex. Sound education with special facilities for music and art. Brochure free. Selsey 2774.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chilterns Hills, 750ft.) Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Education Committee. Knuston Hall Residential Centre for Adult Education. The following vacation courses are open to all who are interested. The first three include lectures by a wide variety of speakers and many expeditions, the cost of which is included in the fees. "Historic Houses and their Associations": June 7-16, 1957, fee 10½ gns.; Whitsuntide weekend only, fee 5 gns. "Exploring Midland England": (a) July 20-27, 1957, fee 8 gns.; (b) August 24-Sept. 4, 1957, fee 12 gns. "Britain—Yesterday and To-day": August 10-24, 1957, fee 15 gns.; Separate weeks, fee 8 gns. "Painting for Pleasure": A practical course on painting and modelling, with tuition for beginners as well as for experienced painters; July 27 to August 6, 1957, fee 7½ gns.; Bank Holiday weekend only, fee £3 10s. Non-residents are also welcome, and the appropriate charges will be quoted on request. Programmes and further details from The Warden, Knuston Hall, Irchester, near Wellingborough. Telephone No. Rushden 2104.

HOLIDAY with Music. Wortley Hall, Aug. 24-31. Composition, Choral, Vocal, Instrumental, Jazz and Folk Music Courses. Prosps.: W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 6 to Sept. 13, 1957. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners are welcomed. Book for a week, a fortnight or longer. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

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PERSONAL

HAVE you forgotten your ticket for the B.C.F.A.'s Willow Pattern Party? Sat., June 1, 8 p.m. Carlton Rooms, Maida Vale. Tickets 6s. Dancing, cabaret.

CONSUMER Council associates get shopping advice, help if sold shoddy goods, exhibition tickets, and regular copies of "Shopper's Guide." All for 10s. Write to B.S.I. Consumer Council, 2 Park St., W.1.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

PERSONAL—continued

HAMPSTEAD Barbecue. Sat., June 1, 8 p.m. 2 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. 2s. 6d. Labour Party.

ENGLISH couple wish to rent simple accommodation N. Italy (lake or seaside preferred). 3 weeks, Aug.-Sept. Box 2819.

CONTINENTAL Guests welcomed by Oxford M.A. & family, in charming surroundings. Eng. perfected; long/short periods. E. Piercy, 29 Montclair Drive, Liverpool, 18.

PLEAS. rm. & heating, use kit., tea; for responsible girl (foreign, art, writer). Work approx. 4-8 p.m. (5 days only). Liking, cleaning & minding 2 boys & flat alternatively. Mother studying. Hampstead. Box 2839.

PARIS American family, one child, wishes to rent for month of August comfortable, quiet London flat, preferably Chelsea or Bloomsbury. Please write all particulars to Box 2700.

YOUNG kindergarten mistress requires interesting holiday post preferably abroad. Free four weeks from August 17. Driver. Interests music and country pursuits. Nicoll, Far Park, Staveley, Kendal.

FRENCH girl shs. compan. (f.) hitch-hike Wales 2 wks. from June 16. Box 2920.

TWO car seats available. Austria, Yugoslavia, perhaps Turkey. July/August. Approx. 5 weeks. Details s.a.e. Box 2914.

CAP. yng. wm. exp. chldrn. reqs. job last 2 wks. July. Abroad. Suggs. Box 2434.

TEACHER/Housewife offers help family holidaying Aug. PUT. 3160 or Box 2824.

VACANT seats available cars going France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, India, Turkey. June to October. S.a.e. 46 Castlemaine Avenue, Sth. Croydon, Surrey.

AU pair holiday job wanted by young French student, any job consid. Box 2490.

LINGUAPHONE German course wanted. Holmes, LEYtonstone 5522.

SOCIETY.—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

COLOMBO: Car late July: via Ankara, Teheran, Delhi. Enquiries Box 2875.

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PERSONAL—continued

TEENAGE Holidays. Summer Drama Schools, Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, or Studio Theatre, Kensington, London, 7 or 10 days. One Evening School (Mon.-Fri.). Director: Marion Naylor. Professional Stage Staff. Fees, £4 4s. to £7 7s. Hostel accommodation available. Stimulating and interesting courses in all branches of Dramatic Art. Syllabuses: Registrar, Mrs. L. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

SUMMER Camp at Sorrento, July 30-August 22, 1957. Inclusive price 30 gns.-33 gns., depending on numbers. Open to boys and girls aged 11-18. For further details apply The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3 or telephone HAMpstead 2019 in school hours. Closing date July 1.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast in modern panoramic flat overlooking Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Teniente Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair." Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

ENJOY your guitar! Individual tuition beginners. BAYswater 1793.

STUDIO closed till June: Urgent letters will be forwarded to Anthony Panting from 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

RECORDS. L.P.s sent post-free in U.K. M. McCreery, 233 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5. Open until 8 p.m. FREmantle 9037.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. Is. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 123 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

H-BOMB Special Number of Labour Monthly (June) contains: "Nuclear Nihilists" (R. Palme Dutt); "H-Bomb for Adenauer?" (Gordon Schaffer); "The Rats of Bikini" (I. Montagu); "The Mourning Vigil" ("A Woman in Black"). Also "Thoughts on Engineering" (J. R. Scott); further new poems by Mao Tse-tung. 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS. 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA Britannica, 14th ed., f. sale. Exc. cond. Best offer. WIM. 1835.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

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